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REV. BRANTON CRAVEN, D. D., LL. D.

LIFE

OF

BRAXTON CRAVEN, D. D., LL. D.



BY

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PREFACE.

The author of this book realizes that he has not the proper qualifications for writing biography. His chosen work lies in a different field. But he has been constrained to undertake this work for peculiar reasons. In the first place, he realized that the biography of Dr. Craven could never be written by one who had not been a student under him. In the second place, he realized that very few of those who knew him as a teacher had the requisite facilities and leisure for the undertaking; and lastly, that the contemporaries of Dr. Craven were fast passing away, and that in a few more years no one would be living to tell the story.

Impelled by these considerations, the author has, during the past two years, employed his leisure moments in examining Dr. Craven's manuscripts, collecting facts and weaving together the story of his life.

The object sought in this sketch is solely to aid in holding up to coming generations of North Carolinians this example of heroism and Christian virtue.

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LIFE OF BRAXTON CRAVEN. D.D., LL.D.

CHAPTER I.

"In the year 1688 two wagons might have been seen wending their way through Virginia. Amid difficulties of every description, they at length arrive at two log huts (now Salisbury) where they repose for a few days. Again they move forward, and by a route never known they at last arrive at what is called Pilot Mountain, in this (Randolph) county. At a little fountain on the north side they pitched their camp, that they might rest a short time, procure provisions and explore the country. * * * Soon, however, soft slumbers were broken by a terror unseen, unknown, and therefore doubly alarming.

* * A strong odor of sulphur made every one gasp for breath. A low, but awful, rumbling unnerved every soul in the group, except *Cox* and *Moffitt*, the proprietors. * * The mountain was volcanic. At early dawn the two gentlemen set out for the summit of the mountain, and ere they had proceeded far, discovered the cause of their alarm. * * When they gained the summit their alarm had ceased, and past terror was forgotten in contemplating the scene before them. * * While contemplating, they were suddenly alarmed by an awful

war-whoop of the Indian, in the direction of the camp. They hurried down, and as the fierce yell died away, the very blood froze in their veins when they heard loud lamentations from their friends. Two or three Indian warriors had stealthily approached, and as little Amy Cox strolled a few steps, they seized and bore her off, beyond the possibility of rescue. The alarm, the pain of the families; may be imagined but not described. With almost broken hearts, they left that melancholy place and finally settled on Deep River. * * Finally the long-lost daughter escaped her captors, reached her friends, and now her descendants worship at Holly Spring."

In the latter part of the eighteenth century the territory now comprising Randolph county contained a considerable population. In the vicinity of Cedar Falls there were a number of very thrifty and substantial families, such as the Browns, Hinshaws, Burgesses, Johnsons, Coxes, Moffitts, Cravens, Robbinses and Yorks. The natural scenery round about is picturesque. The surface of the country is irregular and rolling, and several mountainous peaks rise to view in the west and south. The Deep river surges and plunges its way among the rocks and hills, with here and there decided falls and rocky cliffs and crags on either side. Indeed, in some places the landscape rivals the Blue Ridge in its wildness and beauty. This section was the scene of many interesting and stirring events of the Revolution. The violence of that

Revolution and the disorganization of society accompanying it, put the characters of men to a severe test. The intense passions aroused tended to develop and expose whatever was either good or bad in human nature. There were developed, on the one hand, men who distinguished themselves for vice, rapine and the most villainous of crimes; and on the other, men who displayed the noblest virtues and highest patriotism. Many people in this section were active in the Regulator movements preceding the Revolution. In the Colonial Records there is an account of the Governor's marching "into the plantations of Husband, Hunter and several others of the outlawed chiefs of the Regulators" and laying them waste. Some time before this Husband, Hunter and others assembled at Hillsborough "and in a violent manner went into the court house and forcibly carried out some of the attorneys, and in a cruel manner beat them. They then insisted that the judge should proceed to the trial of their leaders, who had been indicted at a former court, and that the jury should be taken out of their own party." The judge escaped in the night and left the "court in course."

The next day the so-called Regulators took charge of the docket and held mock trials. Case No. 12 was "Isaiah Hogan (a Tory) *vs.* Hermon Husbands." The judgment entered on the docket was this: "Hogan pays and be damned."

This section was the scene of many deeds of violence on the part of the noted Tory, Col. David Fanning, who was one of the most atrocious murderers and most successful outlaws of this or any other country.

"In 1778 there lived about one mile west of Deep River Graveyard, some twelve miles southeast of Asheboro, a family by the name of Comer—the husband, wife and four children. Mrs. Comer's friends had all been slain by the Indians: from a secure hiding place she had seen them scalped, and after the Indians retired, she wept herself to sleep upon the bosom of her lifeless mother. From her slumbers she was aroused by the yell of another prowling party, and would have been slain in turn but for the presence of mind to appear as dead until the marauders passed by. * * She never could bear to be left alone; any noise at night always alarmed her; often in the dusk of evening a bush or stump took the form of her scalpless father or an armed Indian. One day in autumn, Comer must needs go from home, and could not possibly return till after night. * * No neighbor lived nearer than three miles, and no company, except four helpless children and a faithful dog, could Mrs. Comer have. That day was one of anxiety; the very trees in the surrounding wood looked lonely, and the birds seemed to have laid aside their joy to sigh out in mournful notes some tale of woe; indeed, massacre and Tory murder was appar-

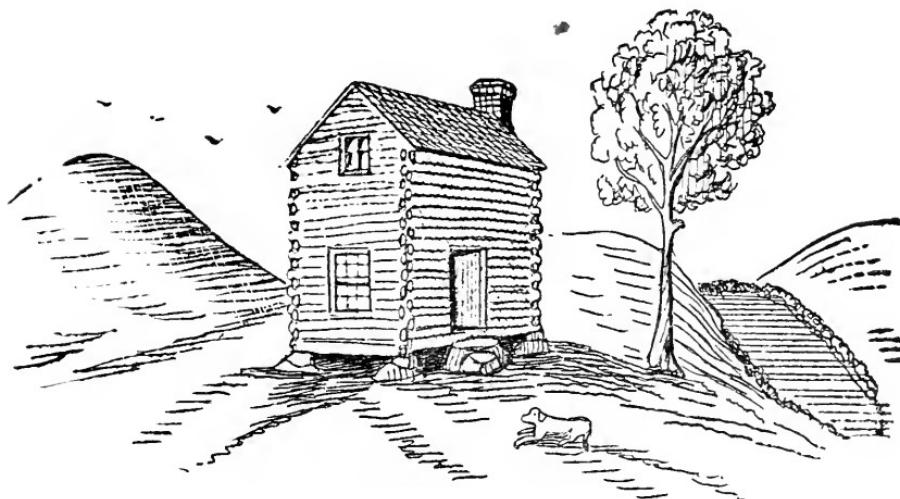
ently the burden of their song. As evening approached, the gloom increased. Dark clouds rolled athwart the sky; a heavy wind, like lost spirits, mourned among the trees, making the uneasy door-shutter sway to and fro, as if it were prophesying to its lonely inmate. The chickens commenced crowing, the owls hooted their ominous dirges from a high woodland, and the faithful dog whined, walked about uneasily, occasionally uttering a long, thrilling howl that rent the poor woman's heart like daggers. The little children, thoughtless of danger, fell asleep, but Mrs. Comer tried to keep them awake for company. A while after night her very pulse ceased beating, as she heard a stealthy step around the house and low voices in consultation. * * At last a bar fell—she knew her husband was approaching. What must she do? Let him approach and fall by the assassin's hand, or fly to him and bid him escape for his life? Impelled by a wife's love, she rushed out, and ere she had crossed the yard was seized by a Tory's hand and hurled to the ground. Startled by her screams, her husband rushed to her and instantly fell—stabbed literally to pieces. The ruffians entered the house, plundered it of what they wished, and dragged the children out, to be slain at their father's side. Meanwhile, the mother softly arose and hastened through a dark and lonely way to the nearest house. Next day the friends placed father and children in one grave in Deep River Grave-

yard. But the mother—poor mother!—her heart was broken, her cup was full, and soon she reposed beside her loved ones.

“Stranger, when you visit that venerable place, in the southwest corner you will see a little mound: there they repose, drop a tear to their memory and breathe a sigh to their dust. * * * The sight of Comer’s old field, as related by some old men, has often made children shudder. The crowing of chickens after sunset, and the howling of dogs in dusky twilight, are considered bad signs in all that country. Every mill-boy will go miles further rather than pass that old field after night. The general belief is: that under an old mulberry, on cloudy evenings, a dog may always be heard whining; that the sound of voices is even distinct, and that a bear may be heard half a mile distant. Always in September, soon after night, a man may be seen riding among the pines, which now give a ghost-like appearance to the place; five corpses may be seen lying where the house stood, and a female may be met on any dark night hastening along the ridge road. Though the graveyard is near the public road, few persons see it after night, for they believe a woman in white may be seen sitting on that neglected mound, and that winding sheets wave in the trees.”

Among the signers of petitions sent to the Governor from this county during the Regulator move-

nients, are found the names of many people who evidently lived in what is now the southeastern portion. In the list are the names of Peter Craven and Harmon Cox, two of the most common names now to be found in the county. Jacob Cox, a probable grandson of Harmon Cox, had only two sons, Jacob and Nathan W., and to each he bequeathed a large tract of land along the Deep River. About 1820



COX'S LOG CABIN.

Nathan, having married, left the old homestead and located further south. He selected as the site of his new home the brow of a hill about four miles southeast of the present village of Ramseur. At first he lived in a tent pitched in a grove of cedars and elms, within two hundred yards of the Deep River and overlooking it a mile to the northwest and a half mile to the southeast. The surface of the country on

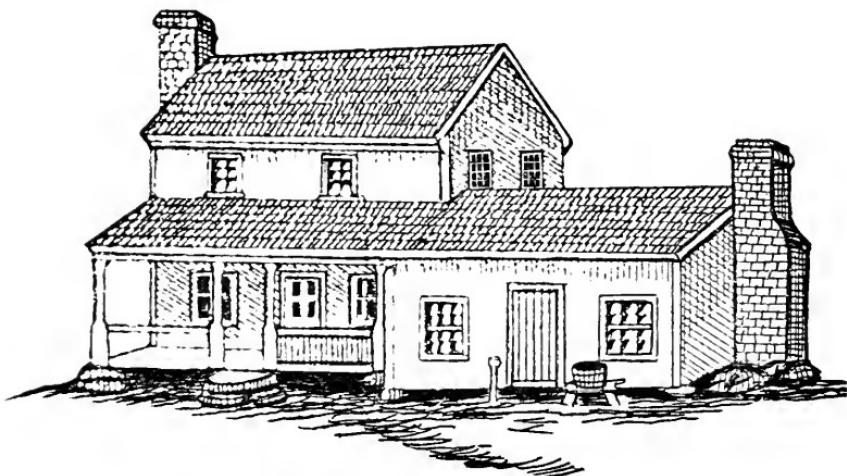
either side of the river is rugged and hilly. To the southeast may be seen a decided peak, some four or five hundred feet high, known as Pilot Mountain. The river, forcing its way over the rocky channel and keeping up a ceaseless roar, could be distinctly heard at the camp. The scene from the brow of the hill is indeed romantic. Mr. Cox's tract of land comprised about one thousand acres. As soon as he could get the necessary timber he erected a log cabin, having one room on the ground floor and a sort of loft above, with a small window in the gable end to admit light. A pencil sketch of the house is presented on preceding page.

CHAPTER II.

No one now living is able to state the exact circumstances which led to Braxton Craven's joining the Cox household. Calvin Cox, son of Nathan, says that his father found the lad in distress, then about seven years old, and took him in the family.

Mr. Cox was a man of great push and enterprise. He cleared land, started a saw-mill, built barns and cribs, and soon made himself independent. He planted large fields of corn, oats, wheat and potatoes; raised horses, cows, sheep, chickens, turkeys, geese, and planted an immense orchard of some four or five hundred trees. Behind the house, at the bottom of a steep hill, was a large rock spring, shaded by a mulberry tree, where the milk and butter were kept, and also where the washing was done. When young Craven entered the household, Cox had only three children—Stephen, then about two years older than Craven, Rachael, about the same age, and Calvin, a baby. Stephen and Brack (as he was called) worked every day on the farm. The fact that Cox was a Quaker and opposed to owning slaves probably accounts for his having put these boys to work earlier and harder than otherwise would have been the case. They milked the cows, brought water, fed the horses, slopped hogs and worked in the field. At night they slept in the loft on a pallet. The window of the

room was too high from the floor through which to see anything but the moon and stars. When Brack had been there about a year, Cox decided to build a new residence. Accordingly he erected in front of the old one a substantial two-story frame building, having five rooms on the ground floor and two above. This house is still standing and a lead-pencil sketch of it is herewith presented.



COX'S LATER RESIDENCE.

As the years went by, Cox cleared more land and enlarged his farming operations. He made fifteen or twenty barrels of vinegar each year, besides large quantities of cider. He built a large barn and a corn-crib and wagon-shed in front of his house. To the left of the house, and near the gate of the barn-yard, was built a blacksmith shop. About half mile distant, on a small stream, he built a grist mill. He

built a loom house and also a cooperage for making barrels, the heads of which were dried in the kitchen fire-place. To make the farm complete, he constructed a brandy distillery at the bottom of the hill, about two hundred yards from the spring. Brandy at his house was almost as abundant as water. Mr. H. B. Allen, one of his neighbors, says he kept it in a pitcher on a table for anybody that wanted it. Another neighbor remarks that Cox used brandy instead of coffee. The demand for spirits in those days being somewhat brisk, he put in a second distillery where he manufactured corn whiskey. Cox's wife was a woman of remarkable constitution and was as full of energy as himself. Not infrequently she would work at the still at night after doing her every-day tasks. She cooked, worked at the spinning wheel, wove cloth, knitted socks, and in fact made pretty much all the clothing for the household.

As one of the neighbors expressed it, "she was a woman who wouldn't stand back for anything." Among other achievements, she gave birth to fourteen children, eight of whom lived to maturity.

Young Brack never shirked work. He displayed restless activity, and would often volunteer when any disagreeable task was to be done. He was also very obliging. Mr. H. B. Allen relates that he was passing Cox's house one day with a load of grist, when a heavy storm compelled him to stop, and that Brack helped him to unload his sacks of grain.

Brack learned to saw logs, run the mill, make shoes, ploughs, harrows, horse shoes, barrels, candles, brandy, whiskey and cider. On a recent visit to the homestead the writer saw the old shoe bench, blocks, awls, etc., also the hackler and scutch used in preparing flax, the tin candle moulds, the tun-dish for making cider, the spinning wheel and much of the tableware and household furniture used by Nathan Cox. A description of the furniture and tableware, as actually used, will be found in chapter five.

From the first Brack showed great fondness for horses. He gave them special attention and developed into an exceptionally good rider and driver.

CHAPTER III.

Cox made frequent trips to Fayetteville, and occasional trips to Bennettsville and Cheraw. He traveled in a four-horse covered wagon loaded with flour, liquor, cider, vinegar, potatoes, chickens, eggs, hams, turkeys, butter, cheese, etc. When he went to Fayetteville Brack usually accompanied him. The trip required several days' journeying, and Cox carried along with him a tent, camp-stool, frying pan, coffee pot, and a provision box, full of baked bread, sugar, salt, a few pewter plates, cups and other things necessary to camp life. On one occasion they were returning from Fayetteville, in company with Mr. John Parks and his son Hugh, the latter two in their own wagon. They camped one night at Tyson's toll bridge, and the spring being a considerable way off, Mr. Cox and Mr. Parks agreed to go for the water if Brack and young Hugh would cook the meat and make coffee. While the old men were at the spring, some hogs from a neighboring farm raided the camp and were about to get in the provision box. The boys, however, were equal to the occasion and not only routed the enemy, but had a great amount of fun in doing so. They got some sharp sticks, and after setting them afire, pursued the swine and sent them squealing all over the woods. In the meantime the camp fire had become scattered about and it required hustling to repair it before

the water-bearers appeared upon the scene. On the same trip, having laid in a supply of sulphur matches (then quite rare in that country), young Brack wishing to experiment somewhat, set fire to a field of wire-grass and laid it in waste.

On one of these visits to Fayetteville Braxton happened to an accident. He fell off the wagon, or in some way got under one of the horses, which trod on his leg, making an ugly and painful cut. He was carried into a store where his wound was dressed. While lying on the counter in a somewhat fretful mood, the merchant gave him a spelling book to divert his mind. This was the first book he ever had. He carried it home with him and made it the cornerstone of his education. The injury received from the horse left a scar which remained with him throughout life.

Another incident connected with his wagoning is this: Returning late one night from a trip to a neighbor's with a wagon load of lumber, he was delayed by a rain storm, and darkness closed in on him as he was coming down the steep hill at the mill. The creek had to be crossed on the dam, which was barely wide enough for the wagon. While hesitating and trembling with fear, a light appeared some distance ahead descending the hill. In a few moments he saw, under the glare of a pine torch, the face of one of his neighbor playmates, who, knowing that Brack had not returned, had come down to help him across the narrow and dangerous pass. Brack appreciated

this very much, and often referred to it afterwards as one of the most valued favors he ever received.

Speaking of wagoning, calls to mind the fact that Brack hauled the first load of lumber for the cotton factory at Cedar Falls. Mr. Hugh Parks, then a little boy, also did some wagoning for the mill, and says he often saw Brack and his team.

Brack, having made some progress in his spelling-book, and learning of a school in the neighborhood, expressed a desire to attend. Cox gratified this wish and sent both him and Stephen. The teacher was Jack Byers, who held forth in a log-house about two miles away. Mr. Byers had the reputation for being a good teacher, and is said to have been an exceptionally fine penman. While attending school Brack was required to do the feeding, morning and evening, and to tend the mill when necessary to grind after dark. Mr. Hugh Parks, of Franklinsville, says that he had often taken grist to the mill when Brack was running it. Mr. Jackson Craven, living near Ramseur, but not related to the subject of this sketch, says that often when Brack tended the mill at night he would gather up sticks and make a fire to study his grammar lesson while the mill was running.

One may well imagine, as Brack was returning from the mill after dark, that he saw ghosts hiding along the road, "winding sheets in the trees," and heard "crowing chickens," "howling dogs," and whispering voices."

CHAPTER IV.

Just a few weeks before the close of a session of the school, Mr. Cox informed Brack that he must soon accompany him with the wagon to Fayetteville. Brack was reluctant to go. He had been taking quite an interest in declamations, and he had prepared a speech for the closing exercises soon to take place. At length he persuaded Cox to start a few days earlier, in order that they might return in time for the school closing. Cox and Brack put out with a four-horse load of flour. They camped the first night about seven miles out, and were there met by a number of other wagoners of the neighborhood. Next morning, after they had gone several miles, they heard the footsteps of a horse coming behind them at a rapid pace. The rider stopped abruptly at Cox's wagon, and dismounting, said, "Dad, I got bad news. Sis' Rachel is nigh dead. The pot fell off the rack and spilt the scalding water all over her. Ma. told me to come after you." Mr. Cox told Brack that he would go home and return that day if the child was not dangerously hurt, but if she was, he would send Stephen to notify him to bring the wagon home. Taking a horse out of the team, Mr. Cox hurried away. As the evening drew on apace Brack became very impatient. He was thinking that this delay might cause him to miss the declama-

tion contest. Finally he saw Stephen coming over the hill on a horse. Stephen brought word for Brack to return home. Brack was downcast, but in a moment a flash of light passed over his face. He told Stephen that he had decided to go on to Fayetteville with the load; that he thought he could "make out" with three horses, and that he could catch the wagons that had gone ahead. Stephen was dumbfounded, but Brack, being resolute, cracked his whip and drove away.

There can be no doubt of the truth of this incident. Mrs. James Hutton*, now living at Climax, told the writer that her husband joined Craven on this trip and helped him to sell his produce. She says Craven was then about 11 years old, and that he had to stand upon a bucket to fasten the horses' collars.

The Cox boys, and also Brack Craven, were disciplined to hard labor. On a large farm, having so many different departments, there was always plenty to do for the laborers. However, the boys had their hours for sport and play as well as for work. They pitched horseshoes, played marbles, rolleyhole, hunted rabbits, opossums, deer, foxes, killed snakes and fished in all the neighboring streams. They climbed trees, swam in the river and rolled in the hay loft.

*Her grandfather sat on the jury that tried Lewis for the murder of Naomi Wise.

Among the boys at one time was Jas. A. Ellison, who had been hired by Cox to assist in the farm work. He was several years older than Craven. One day Craven and Ellison were ordered to do some ploughing among the young vegetables in the garden patch. Craven played the part of a horse and hitched himself to the plough while Ellison guided the plough and held the rope. Craven took fright at a bumble bee and ran away tearing up cabbages, potatoe vines and things in general. There is a tradition to the effect that these wild young colts were tamed by a liberal application of the limbs of a peach tree.

CHAPTER V.

"Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon,

"Like a magician, extended his golden wand o'er the landscape."

The boys left their ploughs in the field and, mounting their horses, wended their homeward way. The cows and sheep came struggling up the lane, jingling their bells and lowing and bleating. The swine, lingering about the barn gate, were grunting and squealing with impatience for their evening allowance. The turkeys, chickens and guineas were scrambling in the trees and quarreling over their roosts. The purple finches, taking their evening meal in the cedars, caught the warning and flitted away to find perches for the night. Now and then the melancholy notes of the whippoorwill rose upon the air, echoed among the hills and died away along the valley.

While the boys were watering and feeding the stock, Mrs. Cox was busy in the kitchen preparing the supper. In a high, wide fireplace were two iron weights, like square dumb-bells, formerly used at the mill, now serving the purpose of andirons. A number of hickory sticks, laid across these irons were burning with a cheerful blaze. Suspended over the fire and supported by two iron bars that hung

down the chimney, was a large iron pot for boiling water and stewing meat. On the hearth was an iron oven full of biscuits, with hot coals under it and hot ashes piled upon the lid. A tin coffee pot, with steam oozing from the spout, occupied a place among the coals and ashes in front of the fire, and resting upon the blazing wood was a frying pan, giving forth savory odors of ham and bacon. A little child was sitting upon the floor toying with a bone, and a large brown cat with sleepy eyes was lying upon the provision box in the corner. Presently the supper was spread. The table cover was a tow-cloth of Mrs. Cox's own make. A pewter plate, a cup, a tub-shaped glass, and a black-handle knife and fork were placed for each member of the household. A home-made candle, in a corroded brass holder, occupied the center of the table. The meat and biscuits were served in heavy flat crock dishes. Some cold vegetables, saved over from dinner, and some pies that had been cooked in earthen pans, were taken from a greasy pine cupboard and also placed upon the table. The molasses was in a little tin pot near the candle. The sugar was in a dark-red earthen jar with a light figured border. The milk was in a heavy crock pitcher having two iron bands.

The supper being ready, Mrs. Cox takes from the shelf a large cow-bell and rings it at the kitchen door. The summons is promptly obeyed. As Mr. Cox enters the room he stops near the door where a

pail of fresh water is resting upon a little shelf, and taking a long-handle gourd from a nail on the wall, fills his mouth, rinses it and squirts the water upon the ground. (By the way, the cup part of the gourd having been cracked, was sewed up with coarse flax thread.) Mrs. Cox pours out the coffee and the dishes are passed around until all are helped. The daughter, Rachael, flourishes a fly-brush made of peacock feathers. The conversation turns on the amount of work done in the field, the events at the school-house and the prospects for fall marketing. A bat, lured by the light, sails into the room and after a few circuits darts out of the window. Several hounds gather about the back door, some lying down and others standing up, watching every movement within, and endeavoring to catch the drift of the conversation.

The supper is over. The Cox family are sitting in the large room on the left as you enter the house. The floor is bare. The ceiling consists simply of the floor above, resting upon large sleepers. An old clock hangs upon the wall in a gilded frame, measuring the minutes with a lazy stroke. The lower part of the clock is covered by a glass door, on which is painted a mediæval castle. Upon the high mantelpiece is a long, narrow looking-glass in a wooden frame, on the upper part of which is painted a box-shaped house and two trees. On either end of the mantle is a heavy crock vase of mahogany color with

two small white borders bringing out in relief a wreath of red flowers. An almanac hangs from a nail close by the mantle. Mr. Cox is dozing in an old-fashioned high-back, high-armed, split-bottom chair; his pipe has gone out, and the ashes and tobacco have fallen all over his bosom. Mrs. Cox is whirling the spinning wheel. An infant lies asleep in a cradle by the bed. Leaning in a back corner of the wide fire-place is a pine torch, blazing and sputtering, and casting fantastic shadows upon the wall.

Sitting on the hearth, with his back against the wall, is Brack Craven, with a book in his left hand, pondering over his lesson. Presently the wheel of the spindle stops, and Mrs. Cox yawns out a long, weary heigh-ho! and, rising, places her thread in a drawer of a black walnut bureau, which is about four feet high, smooth like a table on top, and has two large glass knobs to each drawer. Brack closes his book, and taking the torch into the yard rubs it in the ground to extinguish the flame. He returns, opens the door to the stairway, straggles up the steps, and enters a little room above. He lies down upon a pallet on which Stephen is already sleeping. For a moment he looks out of the little window upon the stars that smile and light him to bed. Then his heavy eyes close, and the breath of distant fields that he had ploughed ruffle his hair and play upon his brow with the gentleness of a mother's touch, while the murmur of the river and the song of crickets lull him to sleep.

CHAPTER VI.

At the age of fifteen Brack was the chief worker on the farm, and the most trusted one. Cox felt no hesitancy in going away while Brack was on hand. On one occasion Cox made a trip on horseback to Indiana, remaining several months, and carrying with him a thousand dollars in cash, which he expected to invest in land. When he returned he related many interesting experiences, and among other things told of his having narrowly escaped being robbed, and how his having a pistol with him alone averted the misfortune. Brack, with perfect guilelessness of heart, repeated this incident to one of his neighbors, and so it went the rounds. As soon as the Quakers learned of Cox's having carried a pistol they disowned him, as it was contrary to their faith to carry deadly weapons or fight. Cox didn't grieve much over this action of the Friends, as he was a sort of free lance anyway. Perhaps he rather enjoyed the freedom from restraint, which he now felt.

Cox was in the habit of giving annual corn-shuckings, to which he invited all the men of the surrounding country. On these occasions a table would be placed in the yard loaded down with beef and mutton stews, pumpkin pies, cakes, fruit, and so on. Brandy and whiskey would be furnished the guests by the pitcher, jug or bucketful, before and after

eating. Some of them would become so boozy that they would fall over in the shucks and go to sleep before the supper, and when midnight came and the crowd dispersed, a few of them would have to be dragged into the house and laid upon the floor to sleep off their intoxication.

After going to school several sessions to Byers, young Craven became very proficient in the elementary branches of knowledge, and began to think of severing his connection with the Cox family. Accordingly, he got up a subscription school of twenty-five or thirty pupils, and taught in a log house, 18x 20, at Solomon York's plantation, about three miles distant from the Cox place. Braxton was then about sixteen years old. Mr. Hugh Parks, already mentioned, was one of his pupils. Craven, he says, was an excellent teacher. He gave young Hugh a MS. containing every example in Pike's Arithmetic worked out in his own handwriting, which the writer has seen. Mr. Parks was the first pupil that Craven carried through the intricacies of that book. While teaching this school he boarded with John Allen, whose son, H. B. Allen, the writer has interviewed. It was while boarding here that he attended a Methodist meeting at Salem church, and was converted under the preaching of Rev. Colin Murchison. Mr. Murchison is not now living, but his daughter, Mrs. A. M. Gresham, of Independence, Kan., sends the writer a sketch of Braxton Craven, written by her

father before he died. In the sketch he refers to Braxton's conversion as follows:

"In the family of Rev. John Craven, I often saw a nephew of his, about the age of his son John Wesley. They were nearly always together. They had not been taking much interest in our meeting, so far as I could judge from appearances. But one morning at our prayer-meeting, I noticed these two cousins came forward together and knelt down at the front seat, near where I was standing. At the close of a prayer that was offered, I noticed they were intensely in earnest. I became deeply interested in them. I knelt down between them, laid a hand upon the shoulder of each of them. I remember now how I felt when, with all the earnestness of my entire nature, I urged those noble blood-bought souls to put their whole trust in the Saviour, saying 'Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted.' 'Shall be!' 'Shall be!' I repeated with emphasis. I felt their bodies under my hands quiver with emotion, and then they rose up, testified with joy and peace, that they had realized a clear, sweet sense of pardon. They felt that their load of sin and guilt was removed and they were comforted.

"The door of the Church was opened that day, and among others who joined were the two cousins, Braxton Craven and J. Wesley Craven. They were, I think, about fifteen years of age. In a few weeks they both developed into good Christian workers. Braxton was notably able in prayer."

Mr. H. B. Allen says that Braxton was "a wonderful man to study." He, also, was one of Craven's pupils. He relates that, one winter afternoon, Braxton got information that the boys were going to demand a "treat," and to meet the situation he went to Nathan Cox's, purchased a bag of apples, and hid them in the fork of a tree near the school-house. Next morning the door was barred, and the boys met him with a demand that he either "treat" or submit to be tied. The rope was produced, and Craven humoring the joke, broke off and ran through the woods, the boys pursuing. He took care to pass by the tree where he had hid the apples. The boys seeing the bag of apples, ceased the chase and fell to eating them. In a short time the teacher came back, and the door was opened. However, he dismissed the school and joined the boys in a day of frolic, running, jumping, playing "stick-a-my-ree," and the like. Mr. Hugh Parks says he often heard Craven at the spring of the school-house practicing the Scriptures by reading a chapter and repeating it by heart. He also says that Craven never used the whip.

At this time the monotony of social life was occasionally broken by quilting parties or cotton pickings, at which the young people would gather, play games, court, and otherwise enjoy themselves. The refreshments usually consisted of 'simmon beer and a fireplace full of roasted sweet potatoes, which

would be uncovered and the ashes dusted off with a turkey wing. Sometimes these entertainments would be enlivened by a fiddle or banjo.

During the summer Braxton engaged himself to raise a crop of corn for Lawrence Cox, a son-in-law of Nathan.

The succeeding winter he taught a six-months subscription school at Holly Spring, a few miles from Ramseur. While teaching here he boarded with Kindred Craven, which fact the writer learned from the widow now living near Climax, and also from Henry Craven, now living one mile from Ramseur. The latter says that Craven was at his house often while teaching there. His wife says she went to school with Craven to Jack Byers, and that his clothing was often covered over with meal. A Sunday School was held in the school at Holly Spring while Craven was teaching there, and Mr. Henry Craven says that Braxton would often repeat a whole chapter of the Bible without looking at the book. Sometime before this Braxton had been licensed to exhort, and nearly every Sunday he preached there or at some other place of meeting.

CHAPTER VII.

The zealous young exhorter was regularly licensed to preach in 1840, at Poplar Springs Church, now in the Jonesboro Circuit. Although he had not yet made much of a reputation, he out-ran the expectations of his congregations and he had a few staunch admirers.

One Sunday at a country gathering he was called on unexpectedly to preach, and not having any Bible with him he was in deep perplexity as to his subject and his text. He went out into the woods and thought over a discourse, and came back and preached a very excellent sermon from this text: "This is not my abiding place." He stated at the time that he could not say exactly in what part of the Bible the quotation was to be found. The following Sunday several who had heard him inquired about that text, and the young exhorter smilingly replied that there was no such text in the Book.

On another occasion he was preaching from this text: "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" Mr. ——, a very enthusiastic admirer of the rising preacher, happened to be sitting on the front bench, and on this occasion he was pretty well loaded with Nathan Cox's liquor. Every time the preacher asked the question of the text, Mr. —— would nod his head in assent. Finally, when the preacher reached

a climax and vehemently exclaimed, "Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" the aforesaid auditor arose from his seat and exclaimed: "Yes! yes! If you say so, d—d if I don't see to it."

The young exhorter often preached at Mt. Lebanon and spent the night at the Branson homestead.

Braxton Craven, having saved up some money, decided to further his education by going to a Quaker school at New Garden, conducted by Nereus Mendenhall. Mr. Kindred Craven carried Braxton part of the way in a buggy and the remainder of the journey was made afoot, with his bag of clothes and a few books over his shoulder. His wardrobe at that time was not elaborate. He had on a broad-brimmed hat of sheep's wool, a coat and trousers of blue jeans, and a pair of "stitch down" shoes, made by sewing the uppers to the sole in a way that turned the seams out instead of in, as is now done. In his bag were a few shirts and socks which had been made for him by Mrs. John Allen, with whom he had formerly boarded.

Nereus Mendenhall was a man of considerable attainments and of devout religious character. He was a graduate of Haverford College and had taken charge of New Garden school in 1839. While teaching he prepared himself to enter Jefferson Medical College, from which he graduated in 1845. He practiced medicine in Guilford and Randolph, and later accepted a position as engineer on the North

Carolina Railroad. Like other Quakers, he opposed war. He was clerk of the yearly meeting for twelve years.*

Braxton remained at this school two sessions, of nine months each, studying Latin, Greek, Rhetoric, Philosophy, and so on. In the summer vacation he returned to Kindred Craven's, working some for Lawrence Cox and studying and preaching. His friends noticed a decided change in his dress. He now wore a Quaker coat of black broadcloth and a fur hat. He had traded clothes with Addison Worth, one of his schoolmates.

Happening at Asheboro one day, Mr. Jessie Walker, father of Mr. J. E. Walker, noticing Braxton's improvement in dress, said: "Young man, I see you have some aspirations. Take this advice: Don't spend your money on your back, spend it on your head."

Little is known of his life at this school. Prof. Johnson says that he heard Craven remark, that while there he memorized the whole of Abercrombie's Intellectual Philosophy and wrote out nearly all of his Latin translations.

In a book found among his papers are eight pages of problems in Algebra, including half-dozen pages of quadratic equations, several pages of problems in surveying and many miscellaneous problems with drawings. At the end of these problems is this verse:

* These facts taken from a memorial of Nereus Mendenhall, issued by Deep River Meeting of Friends, 8th February, '94.

“Here my good fellows you see I am through
A book that I call a tough mensuration,
And now if you listen I will tell you quite true
Some parts are quite easy and some are vexation.”

In another part of the same book are twelve pages of translations from Jacob's Greek Reader. The book is dated 1841, the year he was at New Garden. Another book, evidently used about the same time, contains a chronological history of Italy.

CHAPTER VIII.

Having completed his course at New Garden, Mr. Craven, then 19 years old, accepted a position as assistant teacher at Union Institute, Randolph county. The school was then conducted in a small house, near the site of the present college buildings, and was under the control of the "Union Institute Society," composed of "all male parents or guardians who may send children or wards to this institute, and all students in the same of the age of 18 years." In a book containing the minutes of the association are names of the following gentlemen, attached to the constitution: Wm. English, Jabez Leach, Kelly Johnson, Sam'l W. Blair, John S. Brown, Lewis Leach, Æneas Elder, Zebadee Johnson, Ahijah Smith, J. M. Leach, Hugh Leach, Jas. Leach, Brantly York, Joseph Johnson, John English, Lindsay Lamar, Ahi Robbins, Joseph Mendenhall, Absalom Leach, Alexander Robbins and Pat. Hoover.

The minutes of March 16, 1839, state that a committee consisting of Messrs. Lewis M. Leach, Joseph Johnson and Wm. English, appointed to confer with Rev. B. York in reference to taking charge of the school, reported: "That the said Mr. York would teach school one year for \$200, the employers find a house for him to live in, find fire-wood for him to burn, and find an assistant." The society resolved

"to employ him, the said Mr. York, for their teacher the next year." At the May meeting a committee of five was appointed to devise plans for a new building. Julian E. Leach and J. M. B. Leach* were asked to address a public meeting on July 4th, next—the first on American Independence, and the latter on Education.

Shortly after the 4th of July meeting, a commodious frame building was erected. The brick were made and burned on the present campus, and the lumber hauled by Joseph Johnson from the saw mill of Absalom Grimes, at Hamby's Creek, in Davidson county, a distance of about twelve miles. B. Craven was elected teacher February 14, 1842. He rode on horseback part of the way from New Garden and walked the remainder. Mr. Tom English happened to be riding along that way and he and Craven traveled by "riding and tying;" that is, one of them would ride ahead, dismount, hitch the horse to a tree and walk on, while the other, coming behind, would mount the horse, pass ahead of the pedestrian, and so on. Braxton had a small trunk which was brought over in a wagon several days later.

He wore a wool hat and a quaker coat of a brown color. His face was clean shaven and youthful in appearance. The first night on his arrival he spent with Mr. York, who lived in a small log house

*This was the Jas. Madison Leach, afterwards so celebrated in State campaigns.

east of the present buildings. The next morning Craven arose before York, and not finding a looking-glass in the room, he went out in the yard where there was a large tub of water and used that for his mirror. At that time there were very few residences in the community. Among them were those of James Leach, Jos. Mendenhall and Brantley York. Braxton made arrangements to board with Joseph Mendenhall, who lived in a log house having two rooms on the ground floor and one above and a small room at the end of the back porch. The building stood where the present Lore house is. The price paid was \$3.50 per month. The chimney was an old-fashioned one, built of rocks. The fire-place was ten feet wide and so high that one could stand up in it and see out at the top. In the back of the fire-place was a large triangular-shaped rock. The house was surrounded by elms, walnuts and copals. In the rear was an orchard. Braxton occupied the little room on the porch. He slept upon a home-made bed, the mattress of which rested upon ropes. There was one small window in the room, and a shelf upon which were kept his books, clothing, etc. His name was written all over the walls. The cooking was done in the fire-place, the chief utensils being a bake-oven, which was hung upon an iron bar, and a frying-pan. Joseph Mendenhall's daughter, now Mrs. Linthicom, furnished these facts for the writer. She often patched or mended Braxton's clothes. One day, as he was going on horseback to a religious

meeting near High Point, she patched the elbow of his coat sleeve. She had many times darned his socks. He studied by fire-light on winter nights, and in the summer by tallow candles. Joseph Mendenhall made a table for him which is now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Pegram. Young Craven entered enthusiastically into the work of teaching. After working as assistant for two years, Dr. York retired and Craven was elected to take his place. Mrs. Nancy Leach says he "blushed terribly" when told by James Leach that he had been elected principal of the school. "The salary for the first year was \$200 guaranteed and as much more as the school might earn; the total income was something less than \$300. After that no salary was pledged, the principal paying all expenses, fixing his own terms and regulations, and receiving the whole income."*

Prof. Johnson says: "B. Craven soon announced that he would teach a night school free. Myself, then 13 years of age, and several others went until we mastered all mensuration—the computation of all surfaces, solids, &c. All those subjects have been no trouble since."

Rev. Brantley York afterwards wrote and published a work on "English Grammar," and was elected Professor of Logic and Rhetoric at Rutherford College.

* From a sketch in Dr. Craven's own handwriting found among his manuscripts.

CHAPTER IX.

"I have seen a very poor young man in love. His hat was old, his coat worn and out at the elbows; the water passed through his shoes and the stars through his soul."

—VICTOR HUGO.

Prof. Craven was boarding with Joseph Mendenhall, when an incident happened which led to his marriage to Miss Irene Leach, eldest daughter of Mr. James Leach. One of the students, Mr. Garner, who boarded with Tom English at the present Gannaway place, was very ill and Prof. Craven was a constant attendant at his bedside. The Professor had learned something of medicine from his instructor, Nereus Mendenhall, and was a tender and sympathetic nurse. One night Miss Irene Leach was there, by request, to relieve the household. Although she had been one of York's pupils for a year or more, and had taught in the school five months before young Craven came to the place, they had not met each other until that night. Miss Leach was then about 18 years old. She was rather spare in stature, having raven-black hair and soft gray eyes, which contrasted well with her delicate white complexion and rosy cheeks. There was a beauty in her face which is only seen among women in rural communities; a beauty which belongs to innocence,

modesty and absolute artlessness. The movement of her eyes and lips, and the whisper of her voice, evinced that simplicity and sincerity which betoken absence of self-consciousness. She saw in her presence the figure of a young man of robust and solid physique, with a head and bearing that indicated power, and eyes of restless brilliancy. In this first meeting there was little conversation. Only a few words were spoken, such as the duties of the occasion demanded. But perhaps they communicated in silence more than either was aware of. Miss Leach saw in him the elements of great power which philosophers tell us are the qualities most attractive to women. He saw in her the deep sincerity and trusting eyes which philosophers tell us are most attractive to men. Love-making is not alone by words and phrases. It has a language which is silent, but at the same time capable of easy interpretation. Words only facilitate, or, at best, serve as a seal to the contract after the confession is made.

Prof. Craven and Miss Leach found many excuses for being together after this formal introduction. The country church was five or six miles distant. Some of the people of the community went on horseback and others walked. Miss Leach being a good rider, (she had several times gone alone to the mill), usually went on horseback. Prof. Craven sometimes rode on horseback, but more frequently footed it. Whether riding or walking, he managed to keep

in sight of Miss Leach. Miss Mendenhall, now Mrs. Linthicom, daughter of Mr. Joseph Mendenhall, with whom Prof. Craven was then boarding, states that the latter often preached at different country gatherings, and that he would leave the house in the forenoon on Sundays, taking his dinner along, and not return until late in the evenings. Many of the women, she says, walked to these meetings barefooted, carrying their shoes in their hands and putting them on just before entering the church. By the way, has not our race lost something in hardihood by abandoning the old custom of going barefooted? What has been gained in health or æsthetic effect by swaddling the feet in cloth and leather?

Prof. Craven and Miss Leach walked together many afternoons. Once they went on horseback to a wedding eight miles distant, and on several occasions made trips to Jamestown. On September 26th, 1844, about a year and a half from their first meeting, they were united in marriage. The ceremony was performed by Rev. W. S. Chappin, at the residence of the bride's parents.

The event took place "at candle light." There were several waiters in attendance, and among them Jackson Craven, one of Prof. Craven's friends from the lower part of the county, where he was raised: also Nathan Garner, father of the student whose illness occasioned the first meeting of Prof. Craven and Miss Leach. The attendants stood in a circle around

the room, and the bride and groom and preacher in the centre. The groom was dressed in a blue "hawk-tail coat" and black satin vest. The coat was short in front, somewhat like the modern vest, with two narrow strips, each about five inches wide and eighteen inches long, hanging down behind, forming the tail. His pants were made of dark wool cloth, having straps run under his shoes, and buttoned at the bottom of each trouser, to hold them down. Pants in those days would bag at the knee or rise upon the slightest provocation. His neck was buried in a large white collar, which, being attached to his shirt, folded over a high "neck stock." The "neck stock" was a stiff cloth "contraption" designed to take the place of starch. The large collar folded over it in a way that obscured it from view. His shoes were home-made "welted," the seam fastening the sole to the upper being turned in instead of out, as was the shoe for every-day wear. He had a tall new beaver hat, which he was ready and perhaps anxious to put on. The other gentlemen were dressed pretty much like the groom, excepting Mr. Jackson Craven, who was splurging in a gray "hawk tail" and white beaver hat. The bride was dressed in a sky blue "drawed back" waist, so called from being fastened behind, and made of "tissue cloth," a sort of combination of wool and silk. The sleeves were tight, and the skirt plain and straight. She wore a purple wool hat, having a long protruding brim and

low flat crown, with very few "fixings." Some of the lady attendants were dressed in blue homespun and others in figured calico. At the conclusion of the ceremony, supper was served, consisting of chicken, mutton, beef, cake, pies, fruit and coffee.

After the guests dispersed, the "bell" party stealthily assembled in the yard, (made up of all the boys in the community who hadn't been invited to the wedding). They brought along dinner-horns, cow-bells, sheep-bells, tin-pans, and other instruments of torture. One of these instruments was called the "dumb-bull." It was a tin can with a raw-hide stretched over one end and a rosined string run through the center of the hide. By pulling the string rapidly through the hide, a noise would be produced, the most horrible known to human ear. At a given signal all the instruments broke forth into a hideous medley, which was kept up a good portion of the night.

CHAPTER X.

What tho' ou hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wiue,
A man's a man, for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tuisel show and a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

—ROBERT BURNS.

The newly-wedded couple resided at the home of the bride's parents for several months.

A few weeks after Prof. Craven left the Mendenhall family Mr. Mendenhall became ill. Prof. Craven was a frequent visitor at the old man's bedside, and was present and holding his hand when the last breath was breathed. Several days after the interment Craven returned to the place and cut, raked and shocked a field of hay, as a favor to the widow and daughter. Mrs. Linthicom, daughter of Mr. Mendenhall, furnished these facts for the writer. She is still living, though blind.

Professor and Mrs. Craven, about the first of January, set up house-keeping in a two-room log cabin, located within a stone's throw of the present college, to the northeast. One room was used as a sleeping apartment and the other for cooking and general

rendezvous. There was no stove, and the cooking was done in the old-fashioned way in skillets, ovens and pans. The dinner table was made of pine wood, covered over with oilcloth. The commonest table-ware was used, such as black-handled knives and forks, heavy crock plates and cups. Table-board was furnished for eight or ten students. Mrs. Craven was assisted in her work by a hired negro girl, and later by a white girl. A little shed on the back of the house served as a pantry. Water was obtained from a spring below the house. Prof. Craven cut the firewood in the afternoons.

The sleeping apartment was supplied with the simplest furnishings. The floor was bare. The two small windows were without curtains or blinds. The bed was built of pine, which had received a coat of brown paint. There was a neat bureau in one corner, which was the gift of the wife's mother. A small table behind the door served as a washstand, on which was a bucket and tin vessel. The first rocking chair brought into the house was one which Prof. Craven purchased from an old darkey some months after the marriage. The first child, Emma, was born in this cabin. After living here two years, Prof. Craven purchased a farm southeast of the institute. For a while he lived on this farm in a log house, but soon built a two-story frame building, which now constitutes the rear part of the Gannaway house. Here he raised provisions and some

stock. The first thing he did on rising in the morning was to go immediately to the barn to feed. However, he was not an early riser, as he usually kept late hours at night. He made it a rule never to study before breakfast, but his mind never rested at any other portion of the day. He read Rollin's history through the second time, in going to and from the college, a distance of half mile. He was assisted in the farm work by a hired negro man, while Mrs. Craven was assisted in her work by a negro girl.

Besides these helps, other servants were employed from time to time, one of them, a negro man, who ran away and carried with him the keys of the institute. The second child, James, was born at this place. Prof. Craven was very fond of his children, and helped to nurse them, especially when they were sick. It was his practice to hold family prayers at night. He kept a horse and buggy, and often took the family to ride. He liked fiery steeds, and always drove at a rapid rate.

CHAPTER XI.

J* "In January, 1851, the institution was rechartered by the Legislature, and was named Normal College. The chief intent of this change was to secure a higher grade of teachers for common and higher schools, and to furnish a better guarantee of their acquirements and qualifications than could be done by the ill-prepared and unpaid boards of examiners in the different counties.

"By the charter the certificate of the college was made lawful evidence of qualification to teach, and no further examination was required. The good sought was to some extent realized, but the influence upon the institution was exceedingly injurious, and continued long after to effect its fortunes adversely. Young men with a mere elementary education, with little mental development or discipline, and often without those social influences that are the best foundation for elegant culture, went forth bearing a Normal certificate and authorized to teach any common school in the State.

"Coming from an institution having the name of a college, they were unjustly but generally compared with the regularly educated students of other colleges, frequently with damaging and sometimes with

*Continuation of the sketch by Dr. Craven.

destructive effect. These crude young teachers, having generally no higher ambition than to teach a few terms of a country primary school, and sometimes not even qualified for that, could not pretend adequately to represent either the scholarship or culture of the institution. An equitable criticism could not have pretended that they were exponents of Normal. Yet such affirmations were unsparingly made and emphasized, both by those who knew better and those who did not.

"The exclusive Normal feature was unfortunate, and it required years of toil and patience to overcome the evil. The same misfortune still applies to the preparatory department in Trinity. Many students never engage in any but primary studies. Before these are completed they either so fail as to justify their discontinuance, or are forced by other circumstances to leave the institution; yet they are sometimes referred to as samples of Trinity's best culture. Since 1851 not one-tenth of the matriculates have graduated; yet all are called Trinity students, the failures equally with the successes. The only fair estimate is to compare Trinity students, grade for grade, with others, and on this basis Trinity will have high position."

The Columbian Literary Society was organized in 1846 and the Hesperian Society in 1850. Mr. J. W. Alspaugh was a prime mover in the latter Society, and was very active in securing books for the young

library, then in its infancy. By this time the college had entered upon an era of great prosperity.

* "From 1843 to 1850 the gross income varied from \$300 to \$1,800, making a general average of about \$1,200. The number of students that matriculated annually during this time varied from 28 to 184, the general average being about 105. The amount of earnings lost during these seven years was \$980, an average of \$140 per annum; the amount given to indigent young men was \$1,570, giving an annual average of a little more than \$224. The number of conversions at the various religious services in the Academy during the seven years was about 300; the number expelled from the school was 8, and the number of deaths was 4. During this time the school became very popular, and though difficult of access, was patronized by nearly all parts of this State, and largely from Virginia and South Carolina. The moral character of the Academy was eminently good, and the young men then educated have been marked for their usefulness and worth as citizens."

While imparting knowledge to others, Prof. Craven was feeding his own mind by constant study. He had an impressible, comprehensive and retentive mind, and he needed to see a thing only once to understand and remember it. The facility with which he mastered the various branches of learning, made

*Continuation of Dr. Craven's sketch.

the pursuit of them a fascinating labor. It was seldom that he retired before midnight. He continued his study of Greek, Latin and Hebrew. He read and digested books on biology, botany, zoology, chemistry, geology, mythology, philosophy, law, and political economy. He was especially apt in mathematics, and spent much time in working and writing out problems in trigonometry and calculus. Among the works which he left in his library is a book of some fifty or more pages containing problems that he had worked in calculus.

In addition to these pursuits he read a good deal of history, such as Gibbon's History of Rome, and Hume's History of England. At an early age he had read all of Scott's and Cooper's novels. Scott was his favorite romancer, and his wife says that he read with such speed that he annoyed her by turning over the leaves. He had also read Milton, Shakespeare, Dickens, Byron, Burns, Bulwer, Irving and many books of travels.

In 1850, Prof. Craven desiring to obtain a degree, asked permission to stand an examination for a diploma at Randolph Macon College. The request was granted, however, not without some reluctance. The examination was not at all superficial. In Greek he was tested on the 6th book of Homer's Iliad, and in Mathematics he was required to work a number of intricate problems in calculus. He got into a controversy with the examiner on one of the problems, and after considerable wrangling the examiner

acknowledged that the problem was correctly solved. The degree was conferred. The following year the degree of A. M. was conferred by the University of North Carolina.

He was ordained Deacon at Louisburg, by Bishop Capers, in 1852, and Elder at Greensboro, November, 1856, by Bishop Early. Later he received the degree of D. D. from Andrew College, Tennessee, and LL. D. from the University of Missouri.

* "At the Salisbury session of the North Carolina Conference, in 1851, the first connection between the College and the Conference was effected. The Trustees made propositions to the Conference which were accepted. The College was to educate young men preparing for the ministry without charge, and the Conference endorsed the College and annually appointed a visiting committee. This relation gave the Conference neither ownership nor control, but inaugurated a mutual co-operation that was eminently beneficial.

" In 1853, the charter was amended giving the College full power to confer any and all degrees and do all other acts usual to literary institutions of high grade. This was really its commencement as a College, and from that time till the war, its success was steadily onward.

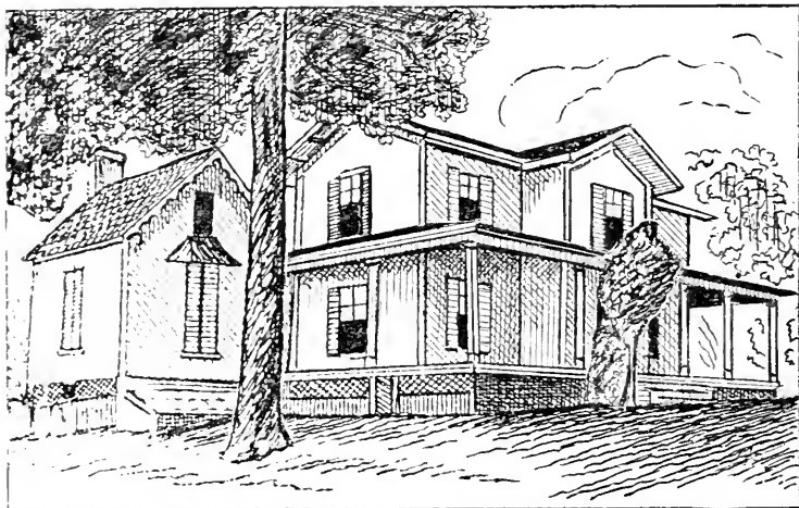
" The amended charter directed the Literary Board of the State to loan the Trustees \$10,000 upon

*Continuation of Dr. Craven's sketch.

execution of an acceptable bond for the same. To procure proper securities for that amount, with no available property as a guarantee, and no person giving the matter any consideration except the President, was a work of great difficulty. The Trustees assumed no personal responsibility; they simply executed the ordinary routine official work. For sometime it appeared that the loan could not be secured. Finally Hon. John A. Gilmer, then a Trustee, and one of the most active and efficient friends the institution had in these days of darkness, proposed to sign the bond, provided the President would sign it, and procure the signatures of five other responsible gentlemen. The other signers were obtained, the money secured and suitable buildings were erected. (The first brick building, now known as the old part of the College, was erected with this money.) Up to that time the College lived and flourished with the most inferior and inefficient buildings and accommodations."

CHAPTER XII.

In 1853 Prof. Craven sold his farm and built a new home on some land given by Mr. James Leach adjoining the campus. During the erection of the building, he lived in a two-room house behind the new one. His new residence, a sketch of which is here presented, was his home until he died. Here were born to him two other children, William and Catherine. Soon after coming to this house he



RESIDENCE OF DR. CRAVEN AT TRINITY COLLEGE.

bought a negro slave, Isum, and retained him two years after the war. He also bought two women, Dinah and Ann; the latter, then fourteen years old, remained with the family five years after the surrender.

He continued to farm at his new place, raising a

few staples, some stock, chickens and vegetables. He was very fond of animals of all sorts and especially dogs. One summer afternoon, during a severe storm, he was sitting tilted back in a cane-bottom chair reading a book, when a heavy clap of thunder frightened his dog and caused it to run in the house and under the Doctor's chair, which upset and sent him sprawling upon the floor.

In 1853, several years after the institute was changed to a college, Prof. Craven went on a trip to New York to purchase supplies of books, stationery, and other things necessary for the school. Prior to this time he had never been outside of the State, although he had been to Raleigh and Fayetteville.

His wife accompanied him on this trip. They traveled in a private conveyance to Dr. Coffin's, which is now Jamestown, stopping there for dinner. Here they were joined by Mrs. Coffin, who was going on to see her daughter, then in Philadelphia, and also by Zimri Coffin, a photographer by profession, and a great friend of Prof. Craven. Zimri was a particularly good companion to have along, for he was a close observer and a lively and witty conversationalist. He was a great jester and story teller, and he found in Prof. Craven a keen appreciation of his peculiar genius. The party proceeded to Greensboro in the afternoon, where they remained until two o'clock next morning. Then taking a four-horse stage, they proceeded on their journey, stopping at

McAdams, near Danville, for breakfast, and crossing the river, proceeded to Keysville, where they boarded the train for Washington. The party spent a day in Washington, visiting the Capitol, White House, and other public buildings. The next day they arrived in Philadelphia. Mrs. Coffin and Zimri stopped with a relative, Stephen Coffin, a merchant of that city; Prof. Craven and wife stopped at a hotel. The latter two were invited to dine with Stephen Coffin on the day after their arrival. The party, engineered by Zimri, "took in the town." They visited the park, Laurel Hill cemetery, the water works, fire department, Girard College, and other places of interest. Prof. Craven had been wearing on this trip a beaver hat and white necktie, but knowing that clergymen were not allowed to enter Girard College, he put on a black cravat as a ruse for this occasion. They also visited Ruth Jess, who made Quaker bonnets for the Friends in North Carolina. At night they all attended a minstrel show at one of the theatres.

Mrs. Coffin, her daughter, and Zimri, went with Prof. Craven and wife to New York City. Prof. Craven made most of his purchases from Ivenson & Finley. While in the city they visited many places of interest. Among the incidents of the trip, it is recalled that Zimri, happening to run short of cash, replenished his purse by taking a few chances at a faro bank, and that Prof. Craven, while walking

down Broadway, saw a society woman shot to death in the street.

Professor and Mrs. Craven returned home by rail to Weldon, and thence via stage through Hillsboro to a point on the road about eight miles from Trinity, where they were met by a private conveyance, which carried them back to the college.

Dr. Craven was a model husband, and has set a good example for others. He was always attentive and devoted to his wife. He seldom made a trip anywhere without inviting her to go with him. She accompanied him to New York City, and later to Washington, once to the General Conference at Atlanta, and quite often to the District and State Conferences. He disliked solitude at any time, and even when he went fishing he insisted upon her going along, which she often did, sitting on the bank knitting while he was pulling in the fish.

CHAPTER XIII.

* "In 1856 the Trustees again made propositions to the Conference, which were accepted. By this arrangement the property was transferred to the Conference, and the Conference, through Trustees of its own election, had full control. The transfer was not fully effected until 1858, and in 1859, by an Act of the Legislature, the college was fully and finally vested in the Conference, with all the rights and privileges usual in such cases. By the same Legislative act the name was changed to Trinity."

"From the commencement till this time the Governor of the State was *ex officio* President of the Board of Trustees, and the superintendent of the common schools was Secretary, thus connecting the college with the State. By the Act of 1859, this connection was severed, all Normal features annulled, and the institution became a regular denominational college, belonging to the North Carolina Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South."

Col. J. W. Alspaugh, a staunch supporter and devoted friend of Dr. Craven, advised him not to turn over the property to the Conference, for the reason that it was the product of his own labor, and in case of his death none of it would be available for his widow and children. According to Dr. Craven's

* Continuation of Dr. Craven's sketch.

report to the Conference, the College building, grounds, apparatus, libraries, etc., at the time were worth \$30,000. However, Dr. Craven, being very hopeful of the future, thought that by turning over the property to the Conference greater interest would be taken in the institution, leading to the erection of more buildings and securing a handsome endowment.

* "From 1853 to 1859, the average number of matriculations was 187; the average gross income about \$5,000. The losses for six years were \$1,340, an average of \$223 per annum. The gratuitous tuitions afforded amounted to \$2,700, an annual average of \$450. During this period of six years the number of deaths was five; expulsions eight; number of conversions 360, and so far as known 284 joined the M. E. Church, South, and 16 joined other churches. This period embraced the whole of the Normal history, was marked by fierce opposition from adherents to old opinions and ideas; had as yet no force of alumni to defend and sustain it, and could really rest upon nothing but merit. The Conference was divided in favor, a part of the members naturally adhering to older institutions and associations, and hence Normal as the college was then called, had a hard but victorious life.

" From 1859 to 1862 the average number of matriculations annually was 204; the gross income, \$7,-500 per annum; losses, \$380; gratuitous tuition, \$830.

* Continuation of Dr. Craven's sketch.

During the whole time, expulsions were 5, deaths 3, conversions 165. These were by far the most prosperous years the college has ever had; current expenses were paid fully and promptly, oppositions had died away, agents appointed by the Conference were readily receiving ample funds for elegant and commodious buildings. Some gentlemen were proposing to inaugurate a handsome endowment, and everything was favorable for a secure foundation of enduring prosperity. By the war all was changed.

"During the war the exercises of the institution were continued with a variable but constantly decreasing number of students. In 1863, the President resigned, and was stationed for two years at Eden-ton Street Church, in the city of Raleigh. Prof. Gannaway was placed in charge as President *pro tem-pore*, and continued with a small number of students till the arrival of Gen. Hardee's corps in April, 1865. The exercises were then closed "

Among Dr. Craven's papers is a report of the action of the Building Committee, appointed October 16, 1860, the members of which were N. F. Reid, N. H. D. Wilson, Jas. Leach, B. F. Steed, Kelly Johnson and B. Craven. The committee "resolved that the contract for the new building be awarded to J. W. Holt, of Warrenton, which he undertakes to execute, according to specifications, for the sum of \$14,000." The breaking out of the war, however, put an end to the building project.

In his report to the Trustees, June, 1861, Dr. Craven recommended "establishing a Military Department in connection with the college; to retain the same mode of government as at present, but to have an efficient, well organized military department, as an extra in cost, to be open to all who may wish to join. To meet the demands of the times, and presuming upon the approval of the Trustees, I have already agreed to have a military school at the college during the vacation, and the prospect is good for a large class." The suggestion was adopted and the military feature added. Dr. Craven was for a short time connected with the Salisbury prison, and in response to a letter of inquiry addressed to the Secretary of War, reply was made as follows: "The Confederate archives, on file in this office, show that Captain B. Craven was in command of the post at Salisbury, North Carolina, December 20, 1861, and that he was relieved by Capt. A. C. Godwin, between January 7th and 11th, 1862. Neither the exact date of his appointment nor the date he was relieved has been found of record."

Captain Craven received the first prisoners that were consigned to that post. He exerted himself to make the prisoners comfortable, and though he remained in charge but a short time, he displayed that humanity which characterized him in every other station in life. During a portion of Dr. Craven's pastorate in Raleigh the city was overrun with Fed-

eral soldiers, and life was made quite unpleasant for all Confederates. However, it chanced that among the soldiers in the city was an officer who had been a prisoner under Captain Craven at Salisbury, and he was especially attentive and considerate of Dr. Craven on account of kindness received at his hands. He put a horse at Dr. Craven's service, and showed him other evidences of appreciation. When Dr. Craven returned to Trinity College he had a pocket full of "shinplasters" which he said the Federal soldiers had given him.

In the report written by Dr. Craven to the Trustees, June 17, 1862, no mention is made of his connection with the Salisbury post, and no allusion to the military school, which continued in operation until Dr. Craven resigned the presidency of the college, in 1863, to accept an appointment to preach at Edenton Street Church in the city of Raleigh.

In the fall of 1865 Dr. Craven was re-elected president, and he proceeded immediately to repair and reopen the institution. The doors were opened in January, 1866, with only a few students, but with good prospects for the future. The financial condition of the college was the best in its history. The college had no liabilities except about four hundred dollars. The money borrowed from the Literary Board, and for the repayment of which Dr. Craven, J. A. Gilmer, J. W. Thomas, Dr. Coffin and Kelly Johnson were sureties, had been liquidated. In his report to the

Trustees, in 1866, Dr. Craven said: "In 1864, on the 30th day of July, I paid the debt to the Literary Board, and paid it exclusively with my own money. I now hold the bond against the corporation, just as it was held by the State, * * * but, for the present, it in no way troubles the trustees, as I am not claiming any interest."

The patronage of the college rapidly increased, and by the year 1870 the matriculates numbered over two hundred. In 1871, however, there was a sudden falling off in attendance. Dr. Craven was oppressed. In his diary, under date of January 7th, he writes: "I have been overpaying board accounts, which has been one reason of my oppression." The president handled a good deal of money for the students, and it was the practice of the people who took boarders to call upon him for advances when they were pressed for money.

On the same date he writes, "As a whole I overpaid the Faculty last summer."

January 11th: "I do not see how we shall succeed, but somehow I believe we will. The God of my boyhood will not forsake me now."

January 18th: "Paid the Faculty in full for last session, * * I am paying them more than the income of the college. But I intend to act the part of a man. Some day my acts will show for themselves."

January 24th: "Paid the Faculty on this session \$100 each."

January 13th: He enumerates several needs of the college, and among them new buildings. "I see what is needed, but do not know how to procure it."

The demand for more ample accommodations became urgent, and the proposition to erect a large new building was again revived. The matter was presented to the Conference in 1871 in the form of a request for a fund of \$10,000. Each member of the church was asked to give one dollar, and "that all the preachers be earnestly requested to act as agents," etc. The Conference agreed to make an effort to raise this sum. The Trustees at once set to work to have the building erected. It was ascertained that the cost by contract of such a building as desired would be \$20,000, but that about one-fourth could be saved by hiring men to do the work by the day. The latter idea was adopted. The plans and specifications were drawn up by Dr. Craven according to mathematical principles, and he ordered and inspected all the materials and superintended the construction. The funds for the building came in slowly, and consequently the completion of the building was retarded. The building was still in progress in 1873, and not until two years later was it far enough along to use. In 1875 the first commencement was held in the new chapel, which proved to be one of the best auditoriums in the country.

Dr. Craven in his report to the Trustees in 1874, said: "The whole cost thus far is about \$11,000.

To meet this I have borrowed \$5,675. I have received from agents and other donations \$2,600." The final completion of the building entailed a cost of about \$14,000. The available resources for meeting this were subscription notes aggregating about \$10,000, the cash value of which was not half of that sum. In 1877 the President reported that the collections from these notes for the year "amounted to \$595.27, and payments made by me to meet positive necessities and claims due have amounted to \$1,249.50, hence I have advanced \$654.23, which to me has been very inconvenient." The debt then remaining was \$9,725.00. The paper subscriptions were \$8,000, whose cash value was judged to be not exceeding \$3,000 or \$4,000. From this time until his death this debt was a source of great vexation. Having no endowment fund, and having to keep up repairs, pay the salaries of the professors, and all contingent expenses (including traveling of Trustees), out of the receipts from students, the closest economy was necessary; and very often pressing claims entailed great personal sacrifices on the part of himself and faculty. However, at no time did he place greater sacrifices upon his co-workers than upon himself. The salaries were fixed by the Trustees, and the income was to be pro rated accordingly every year. In 1875 the Treasurer's report showed that Dr. Craven was underpaid, while three of the Professors were overpaid. In 1877 the report showed

that he was again underpaid and all the other Professors overpaid. Although his salary was \$500 more per annum than the others, the average salaries actually paid from 1870 to 1878 were as follows: Craven, \$737.10; Gannaway, \$719.10; Carr, \$733.84; Johnson, \$773.27; Pegram for three years as tutor, \$488.87.

* "From 1866 to 1876 the average number of matriculations was 156; gross annual income, \$6,000; losses, \$340; gratuitous tuition, \$620; for the whole time: deaths 4, expulsions 4, conversions 332.

" From the first, a period of thirty-four years, the statistics are as follows: Losses, \$6,060; gratuitous tuition, \$11,300; deaths at college, 13; expulsions, 25; conversions, 1,157. The whole number of graduates is 198; of these 78 have received A. M., 34 are lawyers; physicians, 13; preachers, 28; teachers and professors in colleges, 25. Of the whole number 23 have died, 13 of whom were killed in the war. Fifteen of the graduates are members of the North Carolina Conference, and thirty-six (being over one-fifth of the whole Conference) were educated in whole or in part at Trinity.

" The honorary degree of Master of Arts has been conferred upon fifteen persons, Doctor of Divinity upon thirteen, and Doctor of Laws upon two.

" The professors have been as follows: Rev. A. S. Andrews, D. D., 1851 to 1854; Hon. W. M. Rob-

*Continuation of Dr. Craven's sketch.

bins, A. M., 1851 to 1854; L. Johnson, A. M., 1855 to the present; J. L. Wright, A. M., 1855 to 1865; W. T. Gannaway, A. M., 1857 to the present; *O. W. Carr, A. M., 1863 to the present; Rev. Peter Doub, D. D., 1866 to 1870; W. C. Doub, A. M., 1867 to 1873; J. W. Young, Esq., 1864 to 1865; Rev. W. H. Pegram, A. M., 1865 to the present.

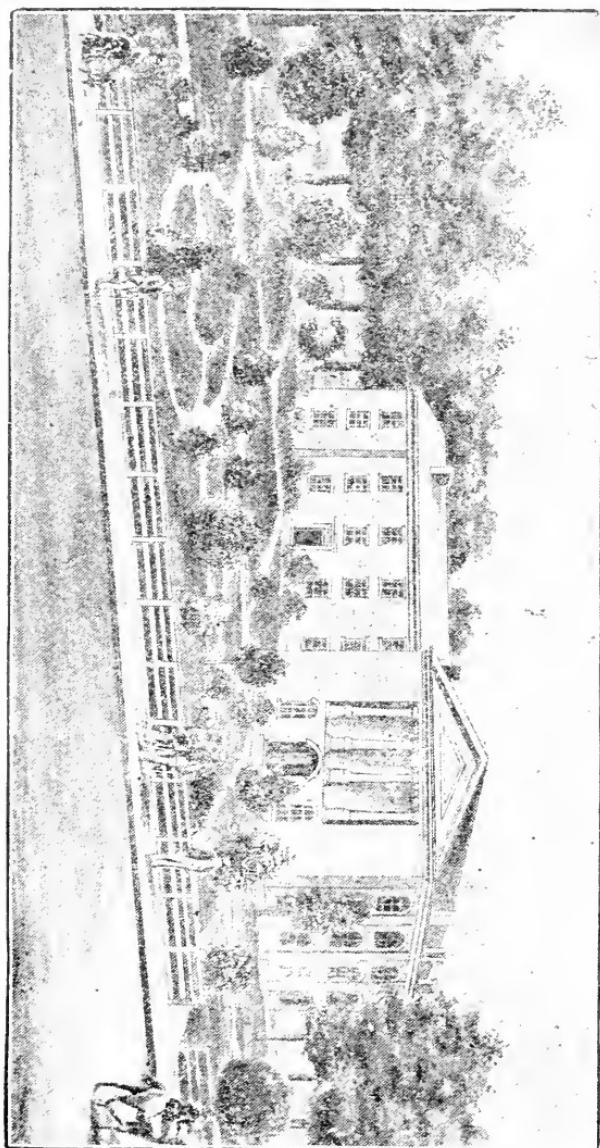
"The following have been tutors: L. Johnson, A. M., 1853 to 1855; O. W. Carr, A. M., 1855 to 1863; Rev. J. H. Robbins, A. M., 1855 to 1859; R. H. Skeene, A. M., 1858 to 1860; L. W. Andrews, A. M., 1860 to 1863; R. S. Andrews, A. M., 1870 to 1871; Rev. J. K. Tucker, A. M., 1871 to 1872; Rev. W. H. Pegram, A. M., 1873 to 1875.

"The college owns seventeen acres of land that cost \$12,000, buildings worth \$35,000, and furniture and apparatus to the value of \$3,000. There are four libraries, containing over ten thousand volumes and worth at least \$10,000. The buildings are two, united together, substantially built of brick, three stories high, covered with iron, and nearly the same as new. For at least two hundred students the accommodations are ample in lecture rooms, society halls, libraries, museum and everything that can be required. The Chapel is perhaps the best auditorium in the country, both for the speaker and the hearer. It will pleasantly seat two thousand persons, and is

*J. D. Hodges, A. M., entered the faculty after the resignation of Professor Carr.

so perfect in acoustics, ventilation and arrangement that a much larger number might be accommodated, each seeing the speaker without obstruction, hearing distinctly, and suffering no inconvenience from impure air."

In '78 the Conference Committee on Education reported that "over and above all liabilities the property of the college is, at cost value, worth over \$30,000, and yet not more than \$5,000 from all sources has been received by the college in donations. Hence, the institution has not only paid the faculty and all current expenses, but has in some way contributed largely to the real property. This is not only unusual, but it is unique in the history of male colleges, and is perhaps the only instance of the kind among American Institutions."



TRINITY COLLEGE, AS IT APPEARED IN 1882.

CHAPTER XV.

Dr. Craven was a great lover of the newspaper, and for many years he was a subscriber to one of the New York dailies. The *Herald* and *Evening Post* were his favorites. He had a keen interest in all phases of life, and used to remark to his students that he read everything in the newspapers, including the advertisements.

He was one of the busiest of men. While not engaged in office work or in the class-room, he was at home writing lectures, reading, working out some problems in mathematics, or out in the field looking after the farm.

He made calculations every year for Turner's Almanac. In 1869 he got into a controversy with a government official at Washington, as to whether a certain eclipse of that year would cover the city of Raleigh. Dr. Craven took the affirmative, and forced his opponent to agree with him.

He was the general counsellor for the whole Trinity community. When neighbors got into any feuds or legal entanglements, they went at once to consult Dr. Craven. He settled many difficulties and kept many scandals out of court. He wrote many wills, and in the transferring of property he often drew the deeds, without charging a cent for the service. He also surveyed land. Prof. Gannaway

says he surveyed a tract for him, for which no pay was ever asked. His judgment was not only sought on matters of this sort, but also in regard to farming. He would advise as to whether it were better to plant corn or cotton now or next week, or whether to cut wheat to-day or to-morrow. He loved agriculture and always felt a deep interest in its progress and problems. For a number of years he was an active member of a farmers' club. He kept all the accounts of the college himself, including the management of the book and stationery department. The last six or seven years of his life he used an electric stereotyping machine for duplicating manuscripts, etc. Very often he would copy off the questions for all the other professors during the week of examinations.

His office consisted of two rooms, the front one being his library, for writing and consulting; the rear one for stationery and plunder. A large book-case with glass doors stretched along one side of both rooms. A dull, coarse carpet covered the floor. His desk occupied the centre of the room. He sat in a large movable chair, with his back to an open fireplace. He not only did a great deal of work, but it was often said of him that he could do two things at the same time. On coming into the office, one would see him bending over his desk, writing with great speed (and few men could write faster or more gracefully). He would glance up to see who was present, without ceasing the movement of his pen.

"Well, what is it Smith?" he would say, and all during the conversation he would continue writing away and chewing tobacco, and apparently giving no heed whatever to what was said. Now and then he would turn in his chair to spit in the fire-place.

He was a sort of jack of all trades, and whenever there was a broken pane of glass, a faulty lock, or disjointed door or window, he knew exactly how to fix it. In the farming seasons, he was often about the fields giving precise directions as to how things should be planted, ploughed, and reaped. The writer has several times seen him, with coat off, sowing wheat. He understood all about farm machinery, and he could mend a harrow or plough, or a broken piece of harness, with wonderful ease and quickness. There was little about practical farming or blacksmithing or carpentry that he did not know by experience. He had made many barrels, ax-handles, hoe-handles, shingles, harrows, spokes, horse-shoes and ploughs.

Dr. Craven had one striking peculiarity. He often passed people on the streets and on the campus without speaking or lifting his eyes from the ground. It was very rare that he spoke to a student outside of his office. Even in passing professors in the halls of the college he would often not notice them. A good many people could not understand this, and some of them thought it was done to awe and command respect, while others thought it was natural

indifference to manners. Neither of these views is probably correct. He was what some people call absent-minded. Whatever engaged his mind occasioned great intensiveness of application; so much so that he was often unconscious of the objects that passed before his eyes. He used to say that he solved many problems while following behind the plough. When not in a "brown study," he was as open and sportive in disposition as a man could be. "He personally conducted a class in gymnastics," writes an alumnus, "and was an enthusiastic believer in all manly sports. It was a sight worth seeing to behold him, after the regular day's work was done, the volunteer leader of a large number of students, himself near sixty years of age, taking a half hour's brisk exercise with arms and legs and lungs. These exercises were in a large room under the new chapel, and were always well attended."

Those who associated closely with him know that he was in nowise lacking in manners, polish, or the amenities of life. On the contrary, he was admired everywhere for his easy dignity of bearing, and the felicity and charm of his conversation. In moments of abandonment, or in company anywhere, no one could be freer from stiffness. There was a playful smile upon his face, and a flash from his eye, which gave his face a fascinating light. His wide range of knowledge, experience and observation made him at home in any conversation. He talked with great

fluency, and threw into his conversation that aptness of illustration and good-natured humor which enlivened his lectures in the class-room. But he was never pedantic, forward or vain. While modest and reserved, he had that ease of bearing and sparkle of the eye which characterize a man who is conscious of his own great powers. He was a man of striking personal appearance, being somewhat short and heavy set, with a massive head, well rounded and covered with thick black hair. His forehead was high and prominent, shading his dark, deep-set eyes. His nose was straight, but rather short and broad. He had a thin, classic lip, which was always clean shaven. On his chin he wore a short, chubby beard. The lines and muscles about his eyes and mouth expressed strength, and his countenance in repose was hard and severe. He usually attired himself in a black Prince Albert coat, a turn-down collar, black cravat, and silk hat. Mr. D. L. Clark, an artist of High Point, painted an excellent portrait of him, which is now in the Hesperian Literary Society. In any company and at any time, he attracted attention and commanded respect. On his trips North he met from time to time a number of eminent men. He visited the White House several times and talked with President Grant. Coming out of a public building one day, he was mistaken for the President himself. Later, he accompanied a party of students to Washington and visited President Hayes.

A member of the party said that "he took on a good deal with Mrs. Hayes." On other trips he met and conversed with Beecher and Talmage. He was especially pleased with Beecher and Grant, both of whom impressed him as being very powerful men. By the way, Dr. Craven was a great admirer of power and personal force in any one. Dr. Talmage delivered the commencement address at Trinity College on two occasions—once in 1875 and again in 1881. Cordial relations existed between Craven and Talmage up to the former's death, when the latter sent a telegram of sympathy to the widow.

Among his staunchest friends were Senator Vance, Judge Pearson and Gov. Holden, whom he came to know well during his residence in Raleigh.

The commencement occasions at Trinity were always largely attended. Members of the alumni and friends of the institution came from all parts of the State, while the people of Randolph poured in from all quarters—some in covered wagons, some in carriages and buggies, and many on foot. The groves about the college on such occasions were full of wagons and horses. The new chapel, with a seating capacity of two thousand, never accommodated the throngs that pressed for entrance. A feature of commencement for many years was the "Annual Reception" given by the students the night after graduation. The campus was lighted up, and long tables were placed in rows and loaded with

edibles to accommodate from three to five hundred people. Tickets of invitation were issued, and taken up at the gates, while guards were stationed along the campus fence to exclude intruders. There were always some rowdies in the village at such times, and they sometimes leaped over the fences and raided the banquet tables. The crowds became so large, and the expense to the students so heavy (often amounting to \$10 a head), that the open-air spread was abandoned, and the reception confined to the senior class and its friends, and held within doors.

CHAPTER XVI.

Dr. Craven had exceptional qualifications for governing students. His method was not military. He set no watch over young men, but relied entirely upon their manhood and honor. Sometimes hearing of some mischief-making or disorder, he would boldly walk in upon the boys, and in his quiet and serious manner say: "Come, boys, come; this sort of thing simply won't do. None of you can afford to be wasting time in this way. Every man of you ought to be in your rooms at work. I trust I shall hear no more of this to-night." His presence never failed to put an end to night reveling.

One afternoon, soon after the war, a feud arose between the students and a large crowd of negroes. Hot words passed, and they were about to come to blows. Hearing of the trouble, Dr. Craven hastened to the scene, without waiting for his hat. Pointing his finger at the crowd of negroes, he told them in a calm but firm voice to disperse. Then turning to the boys he said: "Now, boys, no more of this. Get to your rooms." All obeyed instantly, and an ugly row was averted.

At one time the secret fraternities occasioned much disorder, strife and dissipation. Dr. Craven was quick to discern their evil influences, and he caused them to abandon the institution. The college gov-

erment consisted of very few rules. Boys were not allowed to leave the college without permission, and were expected to observe study hours in their rooms at night. A student had not been in the institution many days before he realized what moral standard was set for them. Dr. Craven had led an unblemished life himself, had sown no wild oats, and it pained him to see others committing immoralities, or wasting the opportunities of life. At chapel exercises every morning he made short talks to the boys, appealing to their manhood and nobler instincts in behalf of studious habits and uprightness of conduct. When a boy had left the college without permission, got on a spree, or otherwise subjected himself to discipline, he was notified at chapel to appear at the President's office. Here the Doctor would talk the matter over, appealing with all his power to the boy's conscience and honor. But he was never harsh under the most aggravating circumstances. He felt the deepest concern about every student, and in disciplining them his manner and voice were like the sorrowing and wounded mother rather than the scolding father. To see his disapproving countenance was the severest possible rebuke. Hence, not only the well-behaved, but the worst boys of the school, and even those who were expelled, loved Dr. Craven with something of the affection which one feels for a mother or father. Great as was the power of Dr. Craven in bringing out the possibilities of

young men, he could not make a man of every boy, and many boys went to Trinity, as have gone to other schools, who were incorrigible and proof against sensibility. But upon the whole, it is doubtful whether any college in America has turned out a greater per cent. of successful and useful men.

It has often been facetiously remarked that Dr. Craven impressed upon every student two facts: First, that Dr. Craven was the greatest man in the world; and second, that the student was the next greatest. There is no doubt of the fact that the boys all thought him a great man, and he certainly had the happy faculty of kindling the flame of ambition in boys and recognizing the latent possibilities in them. The best results cannot be obtained from either boys or girls by ever harping upon their short-comings. There is nothing so essential to a good teacher as the ability to detect the strong qualities in the composition of the pupil and to give them proper nourishment. This high estimation of Dr. Craven was by no means confined to the students. The writer could quote many extravagant opinions that have been expressed of Dr. Craven by men whom he touched in the outside world, but it would probably detract from the biography to present opinions in this connection, or lay stress upon them anywhere.

Among all of his admirers and friends, none held him up higher or stood by him with more steadfastness than those who saw most of him and lived

nearest to him. Among those men, the writer calls to mind John W. Thomas, Ahi Robbins, Jabez Leach, Joseph Johnson, Jas. Leach, L. M. Leach, and Dr. S. G. Coffin.

Mr. Charles Hundley, who lived in Trinity only a few years before the Doctor died, says that he thought more of Craven than any man he ever saw; that no man ever "got next to me like Craven."

When visiting among the people where Dr. Craven was raised, the writer found the name to be mentioned always with love and reverence. Every one was anxious to make sacrifices to aid the writer's work, and even the liveryman at Ramseur offered a horse without charge.

In the winter of 1880 Dr. Craven accompanied a party of students to the capital of the nation. The following account of the trip is from one of the party:

"I cannot recall at this day how it came about that a trip to Washington was proposed for my class. I remember well that somewhere in our junior year the Doctor smilingly told us that he saw no reason why somebody out of the students then in college should not become president of the United States, and he was sure some of us would one day make the halls of Congress ring with our eloquence. This was doubtless one of his *stock* flatteries, but it may have been taken seriously by one or more members of my class, who resolved on going to the national capital at the earliest possible moment to see how the

thing was done, to know how to work the legislative machine, or to run the White House, in case an emergency call should be made upon them. However this may have been, the plan was proposed, and the President undertook to give it effect. This was the first and only time, as far as I know, that such an excursion was undertaken by a class of Trinity students and, of course, it created quite a commotion at that time. My recollection is that the trip was undertaken in the month of March, 1880, but of this I cannot be certain. Round-trip tickets had been procured at reasonable rates for twenty to twenty-five persons. As a matter of fact, I think the party consisted of twenty-two persons, including four members of the President's household—Professor Carr, Rev. C. C. Dodson, and a daughter of Professor Gannaway. We left High Point in the forenoon and arrived at Washington that evening. We were met at the depot by a delegation of North Carolina Congressmen—Messrs. Armfield, Steele, Scales, Kitchen, and others. Well I remember the broad-brimmed Greeley hats they wore—or some of them—and how rotund and solid they looked, greeting us in the glare of the depot lights as we alighted from the train. I doubt very much whether any other set of boys were ever so received by a North Carolina delegation; but it was election year, and our great men knew that there were lots of Methodist votes behind us. The first thing that happened to us was that Mr. Arm-

field, then the able representative of the Seventh Congressional District, and a candidate for re-election, gave us—the students—an oyster supper. I could not make oath that we had time to wash our hands and faces before we were led to the feast, but perhaps so. I know there was no time lost by the honorable member, and we voted him, unanimously, a good host. I think, also, that he was re-elected to Congress by a large majority. Both the North Carolina Senators, Ransom and Vance, were present, I think, and all the Representatives, including Mr. Russell, the Republican member from the Wilmington District. It was Mr. Arinfield's *fête*, however, and the others, excepting Senator Vance, were dumb, ruminating probably upon the slips they had made in permitting the gentleman from the Seventh to get ahead of them!

"The next day we went to the Capitol, and had seats in the Members' and Senators' galleries in the House and Senate. I remember how strange it seemed to us that there was so much confusion in the House during debate. Members were slapping their hands for pages, talking, walking about, laughing, lounging, just as though nothing of consequence was going on. In the Senate there was less noise, the first noticeable difference being that the Senators called the pages by snapping of the fingers instead of clapping of the hands, as at the other end of the Capitol.

" Many of the great men of the last quarter century were then in Congress—Thurman, Pendleton, Bayard, Conkling, Blaine, Lamar, Hampton, Butler, Morgan, and others of their kind, in the Senate; whilst Randall, Cox, Blackburn, Garfield, Hewitt, Hurd, Holman, and many others of marked ability, were in the Lower House. I remember to have heard our Congressman, Mr. Armfield, say, in discussing the members of the two Houses, that Garfield was by all odds the brainiest man in either house, thus foreshadowing the rise of that truly gifted but fated son of Ohio.

" Many other incidents of the trip, too insignificant to be dwelt upon, drift through my mind as I review the trip: the clear night when we went to bed, and the snow which greeted us in the morning; an evening at the theatre, with a fearfully cold wind on Pennsylvania Avenue to blow us home afterwards; a visit to the White House to see President Hayes and Mrs. Hayes, in which I did not join; hours spent in silent adoration of the splendid works of art in the Corcoran Art Gallery, and examination of the Smithsonian Institute and public buildings.

" Nothing was spared by our friends in Congress to show us how to run the Government, and to give us a good time; and we came away at last satisfied that we knew how to get to Washington, and what to do after getting there."

Dr. Craven's ideas as to church schools and col-

leges are summed up in a paragraph in the Conference Report on Education, 1876, which he wrote:

"We repel the intimation that we shall become narrow-minded and illiberal. We are missionaries by organization, catholic in creed, tolerant by inclination, and are willing to test and be tested with and by all Christians in all matters of Christian fraternity and good fellowship. We simply desire to take care of our own to the best of our ability; and we think the command to bring up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord must refer to schools of all grades as well as to home life."

In a memorial to the Legislature in 1877 he said: "The history of nearly all nations justifies the assertion that every sovereign State essentially needs a university within its own territory; that no college can do the work of a university; and that a university is no substitute for a college, and never can do collegiate work successfully."

Dr. Craven was a Mason, and was Master of the Trinity Lodge for a number of years.

He was for a long time on the Board of Directors of the North Carolina Insane Asylum.

CHAPTER XVII.

In answer to the question, What were Dr. Craven's principles and methods of teaching? it is only necessary to quote his own language. He left among his manuscripts a lecture on "The Best Methods of Communicating Knowledge," which the reader will find in Part Second. The lecture covers the field so well that little remains to be said.

Perhaps it would interest the reader to know upon what subjects he lectured. The manuscripts which he left behind him give a fair idea as to the range of subjects covered at various periods in the history of the college. In a blank book the writer found a condensed narrative of Ancient History from Rollin, with frequent scriptural references; one lecture on Cosmogony; one embracing the most important points of history up to the fall of the Roman Empire; another detailing the character of society and the events of the Middle Ages; five lectures on Modern History; thirteen lectures on Natural Science, including Pneumatics, Gravity and Motion; Scope of Natural Science; Mineralogy, Chemistry, Theoretic Cosmogony, etc.; ninety-two lectures on Law; seven lectures on Logic, one of them numbered 23; thirteen on Geology; two on Latin Construction; one on Greek Construction and Translation; fifty-five lectures on Rhetoric and the Fine Arts,

including "The Philosophy and History of Painting, with Notes on the most Celebrated Masters and their Works;" forty-five lectures on Theology; twenty-three lectures on Moral Philosophy; a book containing notes of many lectures on Mythology; another book containing a Treatise on the Government of the United States; outlines of Political Economy; and an Essay on Industrial Waste; also two lectures on Military Science, and two on Education.

According to the statement of Prof. Doub, Dr. Craven read fluently in four languages besides the English, to-wit, Greek, Latin, Hebrew, and French.

None of his lectures were written out in full, but some of them contained complete paragraphs written under each head or division of the subject. Many of them contained only a few words or names of places, to suggest the continuity of thought. For instance, in his notes on Mythology are such entries as these: "Phocis—The Country—Elatea—Parnassus—two tops—Apollo and Muses—Bacchus—Castalian fount—Deucalion and Pyrrha—Delphi," etc. He never read a lecture in the class-room, but he would bring with him a book or a few sheets of paper which he would place on the table to his right. Then, seating himself and looking in the faces of the boys with beaming countenance, he would begin to talk, relating incidents, stories following arguments or demonstrating propositions.

He made it a point to associate every fact imparted

with some place, person or time, so that the knowledge gained would be "permanently located," as he called it, in the brain.

Rev. A. P. Tyer relates that he rode in a buggy with Dr. Craven one day from Trinity to Asheboro, a distance of about twenty-two miles, and that the Doctor pointed out several places along the road which corresponded in contour to the battlefields of Wagram and Hohenlinden. He would locate the opposing forces, tell where this general stood and that one came up to re-enforce him, etc. "Now," said the Doctor, "whenever I read history or fiction, I pick out a place in my own knowledge and imagine the whole thing as taking place there. Thus I permanently locate the facts in my mind, and if I should live to be a hundred years old, I would involuntarily rehearse these battles every time I passed along this road."

This incident illustrates his method of teaching. If teaching geography, he would tell some historical fact to associate with the places; if teaching history, he would draw maps on the black-board, speak of the geographical nature of the country, or some peculiarity of the climate or people, in order to rivet the lesson in the mind. The writer recollects that, in a law-class, the question of circumstantial evidence was illustrated by an incident in one of Cooper's novels, where the presence of a woman in a horse-back party was detected by the manner in which the

twigs were broken along the path. "A woman," said the Doctor, "always breaks a twig by turning it outward and a man by bending it down toward him."

Another characteristic of his teaching was the emphasis he placed upon drilling. During the last ten minutes of nearly every recitation he would select two boys of the class and put them under a rapid fire of questions covering points in the entire preceding course. In this way each member of the class would be thoroughly tested, while all the others would have the benefit of frequent repetitions.

Occasionally he would glance at his notes, but only to suggest the next idea. The students forgot all about clocks and watches, and were most always sorry to hear the bell strike.

After the establishment of the college, Dr. Craven confined his lectures to Law, Theology, Logic and Mythology, except that, in the spring of the year, he reviewed the senior class in everything in the curriculum, testing them in Mathematics, Latin, Greek, English, Natural Science, and so on. He was recognized as one of the best law teachers in the State, and in mathematics it is doubtful if he had an equal.

Mr. Willis B. Dowd, now a lawyer in New York City, refers to Dr. Craven in a letter as follows:

"I think I may safely lay emphasis on the fact that he was, above all things, *a builder of character*,

and supremely endowed with the power of discovering the secret springs of one's life, and of working upon them for good purposes. His control over his students was remarkable. They idolized him as Napoleon's soldiers worshiped him. Indeed, we used to compare the Doctor to the great French commander; they were alike in power of will and in silence. Dr. Craven often spoke of Bonaparte in the lecture-room or in the pulpit. He knew all the great Napoleonic battles perfectly, and he could tell of incidents at Wagram, Austerlitz or Waterloo, as though he had been one of the "little corporal's" soldiers. Wherever he found in a youth promise of commendable growth, he applied himself to the stimulation of that young man's mind and heart, to the end that the world might be the better by possessing one more *man*. It made little difference that the youth was poor; he was not denied the opportunity of acquiring an education on that account. There was more than one poor boy in college when I was there, and the only difference they found at the hands of Dr. Craven was that he was a little kinder to them than to the rest. Great and good soul! abounding in charity all the days of his life, how can he ever be esteemed enough by the people of North Carolina?

"Much of the good he did lives after him, in the lives of the students; much of it can never be known to the world.

“‘The best portion of a good man’s life,—
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.’

* * * * *

“I remember very well to have heard him speak in the lecture-room, on one occasion, of a report that was going the rounds to the effect that he wanted to be elected, and was likely to be chosen, a bishop of the Methodist Church. I can see him now, as he sat in his simple cane-bottom chair, with the wide fireplace and the black-board above for background, and held up a wooden tooth-pick before the class. ‘I would not give that,’ said he, with a smile on his strong, fine face, ‘to be bishop. I have never had but one ambition, and that was and is, *to make men.*’

“It would have been strange, therefore, had any student, with a spark of manhood in his breast, failed to respond to such a spirit of altruism; had any youth, conscious of his capacity to advance in knowledge, failed to endeavor to deserve in some measure such devotion and self-sacrifice on the part of his teacher. There was not, indeed, any division among the Trinity boys of my day as to the great abilities and noble manhood of our chief preceptor.

“Looking back now over the many years that have passed since my graduation, I can see quite plainly that the views we had of our own merits were too high, but I am equally clear that we did

not value enough the virtues of the great man who worked so well, and suffered so much, for us. His interest in us never flagged. He was loyal, constant in affection, kind and attentive to the end of our college days. Toward the end of our senior year, he said to the class one day, ‘Well, young gentlemen, your school days are drawing to a close. I am sorry; but if you are wound up, like clocks, and will run right through life, I am satisfied.’ So it is that the voice of one long dead speaks across a ‘gap of time,’ and beseeches us still to be true to the high aims of life,—and no wonder we listen to its whisperings in commingled sorrow and gratitude.”

One of the senior classes presented a gold-headed cane to him, and he was the recipient of a number of other testimonials of less value during his life.

Dr. Craven was a great inspiration to the oratorical spirit of the institution. At commencement occasions, and frequently during the year, he required all the classes to give public exhibitions of oratory. He gave minute attention to the composition of orations prepared by the seniors, and made it a point to revise and correct all of them before the day of their delivery. After they were prepared and committed to memory, he would require each speaker to practice in his presence, giving directions as to gestures, pronunciation, emphasis, and everything pertaining to good oratory. As a result of this careful training the fame of Trinity College oratory extended

throughout the State. When Talmage was at the commencement of 1881 he remarked that, having attended the commencements of many colleges, he had never witnessed a superior exhibition of oratory, nor listened to finer orations. No doubt the excellence of the oratory was due in no small measure to the fact that the compositions had been retouched by the felicitous and facile pen of Dr. Craven. It has been sometimes charged that he wrote outright the speeches of the senior class. This he did not do; but he did retouch the compositions of some of them to the extent that they could hardly be recognized as the original work of the student.

The following is an introduction to a graduate's address on "Sham," which was added by Dr. Craven, and illustrates his fine style and versatility :

"The inventive genius and unparalleled skill of this generation will be chiefly remembered and studied by the philosophers and historians of a future day, for the production and application of enamel, varnish and paint. This is the great age of *sham*, the golden epoch of infinitesimal thinness, the triumphal coronation of tinsel and glitter, and the unclouded millennial day of unmitigated deceit. *To be* was an old virtue well enough in its day, suitable for making empires, building states and founding churches; but it is now out of employment, out of office, and obsolete. It is now discovered that it is a waste of material to be solid all through; that the

interior of walls or character may just as well be soft brick and rubbish; and that a solid gold watch is insufferable presumption, either for use or ornament. The great maxim of modern philosophy is that the world is what we make it, not what the Deity made or ever intended, but what man makes it, calls it, and pronounces it to be. Hence, talent at seeming eclipses all the old masters of fame; counterfeiting is the lauded achievement of immortal genius; pretence is the brilliant achievement of art, and the all-conquering force that wins the loftiest reputation among men and deathless devotion from the ladies; and nothing has currency in social circles or the market that has not the gleam of gold, with deception within and falsehood without. Shakespeare had some sense, but he did not know everything, hence he blundered when he said, ‘All the world is a stage, and all the men and women merely players.’ He ought to have said, All the world is a shop, and all the men and women merely painters.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

Dr. Craven won a wide reputation as a preacher. He began preaching in his 'teens, and preached continuously up to the time of his death. Most of his preaching was done at the College to the students and villagers. During two years of the war he was stationed at Raleigh, where he addressed large congregations and made a great impression, not only upon the members of his own flock, but among people of the whole State. He was always in demand to preach at the District and Annual Conferences, and never failed to come up to expectations. He had a fine presence, a strong, sonorous voice, and a charm of manner which won the audience.

Dr. Craven had several indispensable requisites to a good pulpit orator. He had a thorough knowledge of human nature, and therefore knew how to touch one's sensibilities. He had an instinctive appreciation of the value of figurative speech, illustration and anecdote, as means both of entertaining and fastening ideas upon the mind. No amount of knowledge or logical gymnastics can make a successful orator without the resource of a strong imagination. All good oratory must be poetic. The neglect of the classics and the imaginative works of the English language, are the chief causes of the modern decline in oratory. This age is too matter-of-

fact. Our histories, books of science, magazine articles and sermons abound in statistical information and dry ruminations, but are bereft of that fancy, idealism, and nice combination of thoughts which bring truth into relief and arouse sympathy in its behalf.

Dr. Craven's discourses were full of apt and forcible illustrations, and contained many flights of fancy. In all of his lectures and sermons the same reference cannot be found twice. To his fine imaginative powers were added profound knowledge, logical reasoning, sound judgment and philosophic grasp. No amount of art or study of methods will avail without a great storehouse of knowledge, and knowledge itself fails without that wisdom which is above knowledge, born of experience, hard labor, suffering and sacrifices.

Behind this intellectual power was "a great throbbing heart that would embrace the world in its arms of affection," and a high and noble purpose kindling every impulse.

His sermons were intensely interesting, inspiring and uplifting. There was little disposition among students to absent themselves from church when he preached. He always gave them something to think or talk about. The effect of his discourses is well illustrated by a statement made by Mr. Chas. Hundleay, who said that Dr. Craven "spoiled his taste for preaching."

Dr. Craven seldom touched on theological problems. His sermons bore upon daily life, and had to do with the elevation—morally, industrially and spiritually—of the people.

At a camp-meeting at Fair Haven, Moore County, on one occasion, he preached a powerful sermon on the Prodigal Son, causing upwards of a hundred penitents to come forward in response to the invitation. A notion prevailed pretty generally among the people in that section that no one could get religion while wearing jewelry, and the mourners, as they passed up, voluntarily took off their rings, breastpins and earrings, and threw them into a hat, filling it almost full.

Among the manuscripts of Dr. Craven are only four sermons written out in full. One of them is on Methodism, which was preached at Leaksville District Conference, June, 1867; again at Hillsboro, and later at the Annual Conference at Wilmington, where resolutions were passed unanimously requesting its publication. It was published by Innes & Co., Baltimore, in 1868. The others are, "A Sermon to the Graduating Class," "The Nature of the Soul," and "The Great Promise." The last two, judging from the penmanship, were early productions. Besides these, there were about four hundred and sixty-five outlines of sermons, some of them on single sheets of paper, some in large blank books, and many in smaller books that one might carry in

a coat pocket. He was in the habit of cutting his texts and quotations out of cheap Bibles which he kept on hand, and pasting them in his note books. In this way he mutilated many Bibles. Among these notes are found now and then several pages of connected sentences, so that there is no trouble to follow the line of thought. There are some paragraphs in these notes written out in full. The reader will find in Part Second a number of extracts, indicating the theological, philosophical and literary character of the discourses.

CHAPTER XIX.

In addition to his sermons and class-room lectures, Dr. Craven left the following productions: "The Day of Small Things," written when at New Garden; "What Women Can Be," taking high ground in favor of the widest intellectual culture for the sex; an article on "Easter," conflict as to the time for 1876; two short addresses to the Masons; "Test of Scholarship"; "Memoir of Geo. Makepeace," a companion of his early life; "Address to the Normal School, 1857"; "Labor Problem in Randolph County"; also two novels: "Naomi Wise," and "Mary Barker." One relates the sad fate of a poor young girl who was betrayed, and then drowned in the Deep River; the other is an Indian story, and is no doubt one of the many legends which still survive in that community. Both of the stories were published in pamphlet form, the first passing through three limited editions, and the second through two editions. The philosophy which runs through Naomi Wise is very fine, and forcibly illustrates the philosophic disposition of the author's mind. These stories were written when Dr. Craven was quite a young man, and he always referred to them as school-boy compositions. He said they were crude and unpolished. Mary Barker was issued under the *nom de plume* of Charlie Vernon.

Dr. Craven was a contributor to the *Evergreen*, published at Asheboro and edited by Mr. R. H. Brown in 1851.

The reader may have noticed that a considerable portion of the first chapter of this book is in quotation marks. The quoted part, giving a rather romantic sketch of the early settlers along the Deep River, and forming a sort of background to this biography, is taken from an article by Dr. Craven that was published in the *Evergreen*.

CHAPTER XX.

* * * * “He was a mark
For blight and desolation—compassed around
With a hatred and contention : pain was mixed
In all which was served up to him. * * *

* * * He lived

Through that which had been death to many men
And made him friends of mountains. With the stars
And the quick spirit of the Universe
He held his dialogues, and they did teach
To him the magic of their mysteries.”

—LORD BYRON.

Dr. Craven not only made a deep impress on the life of students who came under his influence, but he had a wonderful sway over men whom he came in contact with in the outside world—in politics, in the church, and in the industrial lines. He was not at all domineering in spirit, yet his personality was so great that his mere wishes had great weight with those he dealt with: and when he exerted himself in behalf of anything, the power of his presence and the superiority of his wisdom, made all opposition go down before him. In his faculty meetings, which were held weekly, there was no bickering, and he was seldom opposed in the smallest degree. He knew the value of counsel, and he sought and accepted advice from his faculty on all the important questions which involved the College adminis-

tration. At church conferences, although he did not meddle with the distribution of places, his influence with the bishops was so great that his favor was courted almost as much as that of a bishop. He was secretary of the Conference for sixteen years. He seldom spoke on the Conference floor, but when he did, he carried the day. He had no match as a debater, and a large majority of the members were Craven supporters up to his death. It would have been a marvelous fact if a man of such commanding influence had not antagonists and enemies. Dr. Craven had them in thick squadrons. Several very bright and aspiring preachers were envious of the large place which he filled in the minds and hearts of Methodist clergymen and laymen, and they stirred up rancor, and threw every possible obstacle in his path. They opposed the proposition to connect the College with the Conference, and then, failing in that, attacked the administration, and insidiously sought to belittle the man and the College. At first their forces were strong and powerful, but they gradually dwindled, fell into fragments, and finally met overwhelming defeat.

Dr. Craven realized that he had enemies, and knew who they were. Yet he made no reply to their assaults, and it was not in his nature to harbor spites or enmities. He suffered in silence the stings of ingratitude and persecution. Dr. E. A. Yates says that when pursued in the Conference, Dr. Cra-

ven would turn aside in his chair, fold his arms, and never even cast a glance at his opponents. Prof. Gannaway says he never heard Dr. Craven say an unkind or harsh thing about even his most pronounced foes. He was like a solid promontory on the sea, against which the envious waves dash in fury, but only to beat themselves into mist.

It was very natural for a preacher of Dr. Craven's reputation to be more or less talked of for bishop, and his enemies industriously circulated the report that he was a candidate, and with equal industry opposed the proposition. Although not a candidate, Dr. Craven received a number of votes for that office at the General Conference in 1882. Dr. Yates, who attended the Conference with Dr. Craven, states that he had no intimation from him whatever that he desired to be elected bishop. Mr. J. Addison Leach, brother-in-law of Dr. Craven, says that he and others often urged Dr. Craven to aspire to the bishopric, but that he never seemed at all inclined to yield to the entreaty. All of his hopes and aspirations seemed to have been centered in the College.

Soon after his return from the General Conference, he became low-spirited, and began to look worn and broken in health. Fifty years of incessant and severe mental and physical activity, together with the financial troubles of the College, had told on his constitution. He lost flesh and power of endurance. His face looked haggard, his eyes sunken, and the fur-

rows of his face deep. He found that his accustomed labors fatigued him more than ever, and that his sleep, for the first time in his life, was irregular and broken. However, he managed to drag through the year's work. His health continuing to fail, he went to Piedmont Springs, Stokes County, in July, remaining several weeks. But receiving no decided benefit from the water, he returned to his home, stopping en route at Winston to see his friend, Col. J. W. Alspaugh. Col. Alspaugh urged him to go North and consult a specialist. To this Dr. Craven replied, "I will go, but you are trying to cheat death of its victim." In September, Dr. Craven, in company with his son Will, made the trip to Baltimore and consulted Dr. Opie. The physician prescribed certain medicine and diet, and giving such encouragement as he could, sent the patient back home. The physician communicated the fact to Will that the worst might happen at any moment. However, the patient enjoyed his trip North, as he had always enjoyed others, and came back in hopeful and buoyant spirits.

There was another trouble on the mind of Dr. Craven, aside from ill health or financial embarrassments, and that was a great misfortune which had happened to Miss Kate, his youngest daughter. In the fall of 1881 she entered Greensboro Female College, and sometime before Christmas she had an attack of neuralgia. One Sunday night, while sit-

ting on the floor near the fireplace, the flames leaped upon her, and in an instant a portion of her body was burned to a blister. The news was telegraphed to her parents. Mrs. Craven reached her bedside the next day. Her father, then at Asheboro, arrived on Tuesday. For several weeks the issue between life and death was uncertain. Dr. Craven was anxious for her to be brought home, so that he could assist in nursing her. Accordingly, the eighth week after the accident, the risk was taken, and she was placed upon a cot and brought home. The trip through the country from High Point to Trinity was made in a wagon, and occupied nearly half a day. Her father held an umbrella over her all the way, and sought by pleasant conversation to beguile the time and keep her cheerful. For weeks after she returned home her injuries showed no signs of healing. She lay upon a bed in her parents' room from day to day without being able to turn on either side. This sorrow fell with crushing weight upon her father. Being his youngest child, then just budding into womanhood, his solicitude for her was peculiar. Besides, she was a woman of rare beauty, having very black hair, a delicate white skin, somewhat languid gray eyes, and a soft and pathetic voice. However, he never permitted her to suspect that he was at all downcast. In her presence he was always bright and playful. Often, in the afternoons and at night, he would sit by her bedside reading to her

some interesting event from the newspapers, or some story. Among the things that he read to her were Spookendyke Tales, which were very funny, and greatly enjoyed by both of them. In July, 1882, he went to Concord to speak at the dedication of a cotton factory, and on his return brought her a canary bird. Many nights he sat by her side reading and holding her hand until she fell asleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

One chilly morning in November Dr. Craven walked into Prof. Gannaway's recitation room to consult him in reference to some work. His voice was feeble and tremulous. The Professor's soul was stirred with pity at the sad and wan countenance. He urged the Doctor to throw off the cares of the College and seek rest. The appeal was uttered in such deep sincerity and sympathy that the Doctor turned away and looked out of the window to conceal his emotion, while the tears streamed from his eyes. He looked out wistfully upon the old campus, where the feet of so many young men had tread, upon the beautiful landscape beyond, and the blue skies above. The autumn leaves, seared and yellow, were dropping from their stems and creeping along the ground as if seeking shelter from the coming winter. The season of the flowers and fruits was gone, and the barns and granaries were bending with the fullness of the yield. The winter birds had already come to peck upon the wood. Perhaps in the bleakness and bareness of nature the weary soul read a mystic meaning, which only those in the decline of life may know. The words just spoken had deeply moved him, for he had seldom in his life received or felt the need of sympathy from the outside world. Not that he lacked friends, but that he

had heretofore been the helper and sympathizer of others. Accustomed to self-reliance from his youth up, he had learned to live without sympathy or compassion. He had doubtless for the first time realized how much longer and brighter his days might have been if he had felt more of that warmth of fellow-feeling. As he stood looking out of that window, some idea of what came to his mind may be learned from a sermon, once delivered to the graduating class, in which he refers to his own life :

“ You now have friends, but they may pass away. That commingling of souls that now beguiles the passing hour may become a stranger to your heart; the day may come when you would give worlds for one—just one—to love you like a brother, when your soul reaches out the tendrils of affection only to be frozen to death; when your warm, inquiring eye sees nothing but the curled lip of disdain; when your great throbbing heart beats in a vacuum. It is so hard, so bitter, so torturing to a man of a great, loving heart, one that would embrace the world in its arms of affection, to find himself in a vast desert where none will call him friend or brother. Many a man, at such an hour, has learned to curse God and hate the world, and our only resource is in religion.

“ In all your ways, let me entreat you to remember the orphan by day and by night; his is a hard, oh, it is a bitter lot! There is much more poetry

than truth in the world's pretended kindness to the poor, sorrowful-faced little boy that has no mother to love him and no father to protect him. He is sorely oppressed in his boyhood; he may dig himself a home in the mountain granite, but *orphan haunts him like a midnight ghost. In his manhood, the lingering curse of his sad condition rests upon him.* This world has no cavern to hide him from the opposition. I have seen his tears flow as if the fountains of his soul were broken up. I have seen him bow before God and ask for love to bind up his broken heart, and I have seen the cold combinations of this world grind him to powder. Always, my young friends, have a kind word for him, and treat him as a brother." *

* * * * *

Dr. Craven was obliged to give up the active part of College work. But on the following Sunday after this incident, he was unusually bright and buoyant. He was very fond of music—both vocal and instrumental—and nearly every Sunday the family and friends gathered at his house and sang hymns. He read music readily, and once sang in a full, round bass voice. On this Sunday night he took a peculiar pleasure in music, and he, in company with the family, sang a whole song-book through.

Monday he was not so well, but he went to the College, and in the afternoon to a field in the rear of

*The sermon in full is in Part Second.

the house, to see about digging some potatoes. The weather being damp and cold, his wife carried his cloak and overshoes to him, and persuaded him to return to the house. Tuesday was election day, and he seemed to be brighter and stronger. He had always taken a lively interest in politics, an interest which was increased many fold by the fact that at every election a number of his old students were candidates for office. Mr. Sam Bradshaw, a young and promising graduate of Trinity, was a candidate for Clerk of the Court in Randolph county. Dr. Craven was much interested in his success, and during the day had consulted and advised with a number of the local leaders. He was anxious to vote, and sent for his son, Dr. Jim Craven, to come over and take him out in his buggy. The polling place was a mile or more distant. However, Mrs. Craven objected. She had noted that he was more or less excited and fatigued, having already made several trips to the College and talked pretty incessantly the whole forenoon. He yielded to her wishes. Instead of going to vote, he rode out to look after some wheat-sowing. After dinner he lay upon the lounge and slept soundly for two hours. The election went well, and he was rejoiced over the result. At night, Misses Fannie and Ida Shaw and Ella Carr came in to see and entertain Miss Kate. All of the family and visitors were in the bed-room. Dr. Craven was lying on the lounge reading the *New York Herald*,

while the children were making merry with some chestnuts which Miss Fannie Shaw had brought from High Point. When he had perused the paper for awhile, he joined in the merriment, and "carried on a good deal of nonsense," as his wife expressed it, with the children. He twitted Miss Fannie about her new hat, which had a very large semi-circular brim standing out in front, known as the Lillian Russell hat. He created a good deal of amusement by taking the hat away from her and trying it on his wife. He facetiously scolded Mrs. Craven for not allowing him to eat as much supper as he wanted. Then he "pitched into" the chestnuts with keen relish. Some one commenting on the great number of them that were unsound, he remarked that as his wife objected to his eating salt meat for supper, he didn't suppose she would object if he ate fresh meat. Miss Kate seemed to enjoy the merriment, and laughed quite heartily at some of the funny things said and done. Even the canary seemed to be highly entertained. Mrs. Craven was quite uneasy, "but didn't let on." About 10 o'clock the party broke up, and Doctor and Mrs. Craven retired for the night. On lying down, the Doctor said, "Now, Kate, I'll beat you going to sleep;" and so he did, soon falling into heavy slumber. Miss Kate, however, was restless and wakeful, and shortly after twelve o'clock she noticed that her father was breathing with unusual heaviness. She called to her

mother. Mrs. Craven shook him, and she asked if he felt bad. He replied that he believed he would sit up in a chair awhile, and as he got up to walk to the chair he fell forward upon his face near the bedside of his daughter, who reached out and caught hold of his garment. Mrs. Craven hurried to him, and sought to help him up, but he lay motionless and speechless upon the floor. She uttered a scream for help, and, dashing out of the house, ran barefooted over a stony road towards the home of her son, Dr. Jim Craven, whom she met on the way, he having already heard the alarm and interpreted its meaning. Lights began to appear in the windows of the village houses, and the news spread abroad that Dr. Craven was dead. In a short while the whole community, including men, women and children, both black and white, gathered about the house, gazing at each other with wild eyes and sorrowing faces. There was no more rest in store for the villagers or students that night. Fires were kindled, and groups of students and citizens sat around the blaze, giving vent to their great sorrow and rehearsing the splendid achievements and noble deeds of their fallen chief.

CHAPTER XXII.

Thursday morning the lid of the casket was removed, and throngs of people came to take a last look into the face of their friend and benefactor. At 2 o'clock in the afternoon the body was borne from the residence to the College Chapel, where a large congregation was in waiting.

Rev. J. W. Lewis opened the services by reading the 90th Psalm, and was followed by Rev. T. M. Jones, who read from I Corinthians, xv, 20-58. Hymn 737 was announced by Rev. Marcus L. Wood, "What though the arm of conquering death," etc. At the conclusion of this song, Mr. Wood preached a sermon from the fourth chapter of John, and 4th verse: "I must work the works of Him that sent me while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work."

In the course of his remarks, he said: "For varied scholarship, he had not a superior upon the continent. Had he made a specialty of any one thing, he would have been the equal, if not the superior, of any man in any country. * * His monument is this College. To it he gave his best energies, his money and his life. Trinity College crushed him. He ought not to be dead, and would not be had he received the sympathy and the support he so richly deserved. Oh, how long will the church stand off

and see our colleges crush our Duncans and our Cravens?"*"

After the sermon, the procession moved to the cemetery, Rev. Mr. Wood and Rev. Dr. Bobbitt leading. Then followed the hearse, and pall bearers, who were, Col. Julian S. Carr, Mr. J. H. Ferree, Rev. B. C. Phillips, Rev. H. C. Thomas, Rev. R. P. Troy, Mr. J. M. Odell, Prof. N. C. English, Mr. Dennis Curtis, Mr. Allen Tomlinson, Mr. L. D. Andrews and Dr. F. C. Frazier. Next came the family and relatives, the Trustees of the College, members of the Conference, Faculty, students and friends.

The deceased was laid to rest in a lot where no mark of sorrow had before been made.

There alone a red clay mound was raised over his remains, and upon it were placed a few flowers which the season's blight had spared, dewed with the tears of widow and children. The benediction was pronounced, and the concourse turned away with heavy hearts.

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Among others attending the funeral, not already mentioned, were Judge John A. Gilmer, Mr. J. R. Bulla, Mr. W. H. Hill, Mr. Wm. Branson, Mrs. J. A. Odell, Rev. W. S. Creasy, Mr. Jas. Southgate, Sr., Rev. J. Ed. Thompson, Col. J. W. Alspaugh, Rev. C. C. Dodson, Rev. J. J. Renn, Dr. R. W.

* The sermon in full is published in Branson's North Carolina Sermons, Vol. II.

Thomas, Prof. H. W. Reinhart, Rev. B. C. Phillips, Rev. P. H. Dalton, Rev. N. E. Coltrane, Rev. R. P. Bibb, Rev. R. T. N. Stephenson.

From the many letters of sympathy received by the widow, a few extracts are given as follows:

Hon. A. M. Scales: "The whole State was shocked by the announcement, and to-day mourns with his bereaved family over a common loss. I will enter into no eulogy of his life and services; he needs none. His monuments live to-day, and will live to all time in the cause of education, which he has so much advanced in the State; in the noble College which he has established and built up; in the great number of honored and useful young men whom he has educated and sent throughout the State and Church to serve and adorn them. These tell of his life and life's work, and speak for him more loudly than any eulogy, by pen or word, to future generations."

Col. J. W. Alspaugh: "The death of Dr. Craven, the dearest friend I ever had, the one of all others I loved most, first struck me like a great calamity, and ever since I have felt that life can never be to me what it was before. He was the truest, noblest and best friend any man ever had. How much I sympathize with you and that poor afflicted daughter, the very idol of her departed father. How I wish I could do something to cheer her. Her pale, sad face, as I last saw it, is constantly before my

eyes. How glad I would be if I had the power to cheer her and make her feel bright and happy once again. The memory of Dr. Craven shall live on in ages to come, when the names of those who strove against him shall be long forgotten in their graves."

Rev. L. S. Burkhead: "For more than thirty years we have been warm personal friends. We have sometimes differed in opinion about various matters, but always in love. I almost thought aloud to Dr. Craven. O, how I shall miss him!"

Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage (telegram): "Brooklyn, Nov. 10th, 1882.—My grief at Doctor Craven's death is inexpressible. He was great and good. My sympathies for his family. And for Trinity College, the loss is overwhelming."

Rev. Frank H. Wood: "There is one thing in the Doctor's death which, as a member of the Conference, I shall always regret, and that is that the debt of Trinity College was not paid before he died. I know it would have been such a gratification to him. But then he is freed from that burden now, and he goes to enjoy the full fruition of all his toils and burdens done and suffered in this life."

S. H. Helsabeck: * * "Dear man! I am thinking that hard work and sore troubles killed him. But then I reckon a good man cannot die at a wrong time."

Rev. N. M. Jurney, correspondence *Methodist Advance*: "It was a sudden close of a long and useful

life—a life marked with brilliant achievements through great obstacles; a life great because of the good accomplished—rising up unknown and setting down immortal. But Dr. Craven had his enemies as well as friends, as all other great men have. Even in the rank and file of Israel's host, the dagger was not wanting, and was often drawn when he could not see it. There is a hand to strike the head that rises above the level, and his superior head and heart provoked opposition. But he is gone, and his like will not be seen in our day.” * * *

Raleigh News and Observer: “Dr. Craven was a strong man; remarkable in personal appearance—remarkable in intellectual characteristics. He has made his impress upon society, and has left an enduring monument to his wisdom, energy and devotion to the cause of Christianity and the cause of education.”

Editorial Methodist Advance: * * “Intellectually he was capable of almost anything that mind can compass. His large attainments in learning, the influence which he has wielded among the intellectual men of his Church and State, and the work he has done, all under difficulties and embarrassments which would have discouraged or even crushed an ordinary man, make him peerless among those with whom he acted. Trinity College is his monument. Whatever it is, he made it. For it he lived and labored, and we do not know but it may be truth-

fully said, in some sense, for it he died. Under the folds of that cloud which hangs over the institution which was the dream of his youth and the idol of his mature manhood, he has gone down to a premature grave, bequeathing it to the church to whose glory he consecrated his genius and whose ministry owes so much to his training hand. * * * A man who could have won distinction anywhere, he literally stuck to the soil of his nativity with the devotion of a child to its mother. A man who could have accumulated wealth in any land where fortunes are won, he preferred poverty and a life of toil for the honor of his church and the glory of his State."

On November 8th the students of Trinity College met and adopted the following resolutions :

To the Memory of B. Craven, D. D., LL. D. :

WHEREAS, It hath pleased God in His infinite wisdom and goodness to take from us our venerable and beloved President, Dr. B. Craven; and whereas, we, as a school, feel sadly bereaved by this painful dispensation of Providence, and desire to mingle our sighs and tears with those of the bereaved, to tender them our heartfelt sympathy, and to leave on record some testimonial of our appreciation of the character and worth of this great man, therefore be it

Resolved 1. That whilst it becomes us to yield in submission to the will of God, we cannot but do it in our present bereavement with great reluctance.

Resolved 2. That in his death the church has lost one of its ablest ministers, the State a wise counselor, and the college its life-long devoted friend and benefactor.

Resolved 3. That in him we have lost a great man, a kind, noble and loving preceptor, whom no student knew but to love and respect; and that for his untiring energy and care in training and developing us into the highest and broadest moral and intellectual manhood, we owe a debt of gratitude which can never be paid. Faithful to his duty and to himself, he was ever ready to stand for us like a column of defence against wrong of every kind. Ever kind, amiable and loving, he never withheld from us any favor which he considered necessary for our comfort or improvement; but always, with an affection which no student could mistake or misapprehend, he kindly denied us whatever his far-reaching judgment perceived to be for our hurt.

Resolved 4. That we do greatly love him, and will ever strive to cherish the manly sentiments and the worthy ambition which he labored with so much diligence to instill into our hearts.

Resolved 5. That as a token of our sorrow for him, we dress in the sable habiliments of mourning the front of the College, the Chapel, and each Society Hall, and that each student wear the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved 6. That a copy of these resolutions be

spread upon the record of each Literary Society, and be furnished the *Nashville Christian Advocate*, the *Raleigh Christian Advocate*, and the *Methodist Advance*, with the request of their publication.

W. P. BYNUM,

M. A. SMITH,

ALBERT ANDERSON,

F. M. SHAMBERGER,

W. A. PIERCE,

' *Committee for Senior Class.*

Memorial services were held by some students and citizens at Kinston Thursday night, November 30th. Mr. J. Q. Jackson presided, and made an address. Mr. John W. Collins acted as Secretary. Impressive speeches were made by Prof. Joseph Kinsey, Rev. F. D. Swindell and Rev. N. M. Jurney, after which appropriate resolutions were passed.

James W. Reid, at the commencement of 1883:
* * "Go stand with me on yonder hill at the grave of the priest who reared this temple, and who for so many years ministered at its altars; view his life, his work, the influence he set in motion, and tell me if they ever lay to rest any nobler dust, even in the great English pantheon. * * I had rather live the life that Braxton Craven lived, set in motion the influence for good that he started, help to an education the scores of poor young men he aided, have my name embalmed in such a precious memory as he

has left behind, and be buried even in the ‘potter’s field’ in a pauper’s coffin, sleep isolated and alone beneath the stars, with no *requiem* save the night winds, and with no loving hands to deck my humble tomb, than with the fame of earth’s martial heroes to have my ashes followed by such a funeral cortege as went after Leon Gambetta to the wind-swept cemetery of Nice, or to be laid to rest in Westminster Abbey among England’s illustrious dead.”

* * * * *

The father was the first member of the family to pass away. Soon after his death the afflicted daughter began to improve, and finally she recovered, and now lives with the widow at the old homestead. His eldest child, Emma, was married by Bishop Marvin, June 10th, 1875, to Rev. W. H. Pegram, who has been a member of Trinity College Faculty from 1873 to the present time. To them have been born five children: George Braxton, Annie McKinney, Irene Craven, John Edward, and William Howell. The first graduated at Trinity in ’95, the second in ’96. Dr. James L. Craven, the eldest son, was married June 10th, 1875, to Miss Nannie Bulla. He died November 12th, 1885. The widow and five children survive. The children are Harvey Barnard, Earl Bulla, James Braxton, Bruce, and George Bulla. The oldest, Harvey, graduated in the class of ’96 with his cousin, Miss Annie Pegram. Dr. Will Craven graduated in the school of medicine of the Uni-

versity of Baltimore, and a few months later, while practicing his profession in Philadelphia, contracted pneumonia, and died February 3d, 1895.

A suitable headstone erected by the widow marks the resting place of her husband, and upon it is this inscription: "Braxton Craven, D. D., LL. D. Born August 26th, 1822. Died November 7th, 1882."

* * * * *

Nathan Cox, after a number of years, was reinstated by the Friends. Returning from a quarterly meeting one Sunday, and while descending a hill near Franklinsville, the harness of his horse broke, and he was thrown from his buggy and killed. His widow remarried, and lived to a very old age.

CHAPTER XXIII.

It has been the aim of the writer to refrain as far as possible from attempting any estimate of the character or intellectuality of his subject, and to allow the facts of Dr. Craven's life and the products of his own pen to speak for themselves. Enough of the man is herein exhibited to form a fairly correct estimate of him. Still, something more needs to be said. The reader must bear in mind that Dr. Craven left behind him in writing comparatively little of his work, either as a teacher or preacher, and of that little most of it (judging from the handwriting and dates upon some of the manuscripts) was written prior to 1860. In the last decade of his life he wrote scarcely anything, and it is a reasonable supposition that his best efforts in the pulpit and in the class-room were never committed to writing.

He was certainly a remarkable man from any point of view. To begin with he had an extraordinary physical constitution, and his early discipline upon the farm hardened and solidified it. He had large limbs, large body, and large head. His health, with the exception of the last year of his life, was perfect. So far as his family know, he never missed a meal in his life. He used to say to his classes that he went to sleep "perpendicularly—that is, right straight off," that he never had a headache in his life, and never knew what it was to dream.

In scholarship he was solid and round, as distinguished from specialists of more modern times. He did not attempt all things, but in knowledge of the classics, the fundamental principles of the sciences, and the standard works of history and literature, he was an exceptional master. It is difficult to form any idea from his manuscripts which branch of knowledge he was most familiar with. Prof. Gannaway, who has seen him in every role as a teacher, says that he had no specialty, but seemed to be an adept in every department of college work. Prof. Doub characterized him as “a man of encyclopædic knowledge.” The important fact, however, in connection with his scholarship, was not the breadth of his knowledge, great as that was, but it was the beauty, harmony and utility which he saw in all the fields of learning. Judging from the quotations from his pen, contained in this book, it would be difficult to find a scholar anywhere who saw more rhythm in science, literature and art, or interpreted their voices and messages with a more ready appreciation. Dr. Craven, in no sense, belonged to that class of scholars who are mere reference books, or mirrors, reflecting the ideas of others, but he possessed a highly constructive intellect, and thought out his own conclusions. The passages quoted in this book indicate a lively imagination. Indeed, there was much of the poetic in his soul. He loved nature and the great masterpieces of literature. He

tasted at every classic fount, and meditated in all the sacred groves. In his mind's eye the history of the universe, from the first orb that rolled from the hand of the Creator down to the latest act of Congress, passed before him like a huge panorama. He made himself contemporary with Moses, Socrates, Caesar, Luther and Napoleon. He lived and thought in a higher altitude than ordinary mortals, and no wonder he was not appreciated nor understood. Such a man, like a great mountain, must be viewed from some distance before one can realize the magnitude and grandeur of the figure. Indeed, there is much in the character of Dr. Craven that reminds one of the masters of the ancient academy. Although he was rather grave and serious in disposition, he had a fine vein of humor, which often displayed itself both in the class-room and in the pulpit. The writer is inclined to believe that he could have written a roaring comedy.

His character was no less rounded than his intellectual powers. In his personal habits he was exceptionally free from the vices and follies common to the young men of his day. Having a deep religious faith, and high conceptions of life, he grew into a noble type of manhood. He loved all that was pure and good in the world, and abhored the vile and vulgar. He was a man who could never laugh over any kind of vice. He never told a smutty joke, nor listened to one with any patience. He knew nothing

of scheming, artifice, or the tricks of trade, and was never known to be guilty of any sort of littleness. He relied upon open dealing and solid worth to take him through life. In his nature there was no asperity, and though opposed by many foes, he pursued none, but left them to the fate of their own snares.

Many people have expressed the wonder why a man of such powerful intellect should not have sought a larger theater upon which to act. "What a preacher he would have made," they say, "in a New York pulpit, What a superb pleader at the bar; or in the halls of Congress, Who could have stood before him?"

Several reasons should suggest themselves in answer to such queries. Dr. Craven answers them himself in his advice to the graduates. He says, "No man should ever feel that he has two chances in life: he should select one mission and with it live or die. Be emphatically men of one work; let it be large enough for any talent, or lasting enough for any age, and then depend upon it for fortune and fame." Dr. Craven had chosen as his life-work the profession of teacher, and he never had but one ambition, and that was "to make men." In his life he received tempting offers to connect himself with other institutions, but he never, for a moment, thought of abandoning the college which he had founded and hoped to see endowed. His children, with their families, and many of his friends, were

more or less dependent on the success of the institution. It is not probable that any pecuniary consideration could have induced him to leave Trinity College. Being a pioneer in intellectual development in North Carolina, he lived and labored at a time when educators received little recognition or reward. Were he living to-day he would be encumbered with help. It is of little consequence to us to ask what he might have done in broader fields. Such a question is like asking what he could accomplish had he waited to be born in the 20th century. Suffice it that in the sphere and environment in which fate had placed him, he acted well his part. He lifted himself from the humblest and most adverse surroundings, and took rank with the State's mightiest men. From his boyhood till his death, he walked and communed with God, and by a life of self-sacrifice and consecrated service to humanity, he blessed the lives of all who came within his touch. Indeed, the influences which he set to work for good can never be measured until the end of time. In the nobleness and heroism of such a life, what a rich legacy is left to coming generations: what a fountain of inspiration is afforded for all poor young men: and what a contrast is seen in such a life, as compared to that of the demagogue, whose ambition is to follow the multitude, pander to their prejudices and passions, catch their admiring eye, hear their shouts and hallowing, and see them trooping at his heels—all to the end that

he may get an office and live upon the sweat of their faces!

And, perhaps after all, Dr. Craven had little of that ambition which seeks self-aggrandizement, or glories in fine palaces, but he was, throughout life, inspired by that sentiment so beautifully expressed by Jennie Deans, in addressing Queen Caroline in behalf her condemned sister: "Ah, my leddy, when we cume to die, it will not be what we have dune for ousells, but what we have dune for ithers that we shall think on maist plaisantly."

Fourteen summers' suns have baked the red clay above his bones; fourteen winters' blasts have sung their requiem in the neighboring pines. The beams of the sun here find no lofty shaft to kiss good morning or linger about as they die away in the west: but the name of Craven is written upon the hearts and in the lives of multitudes of people where no summer's suns nor winter's blasts can ever efface it.

After this lapse of time an humble beneficiary, lightly treading, approaches the bleak and secluded spot, and, with still bleeding heart, lays this wreath upon his grave.

THE END.

PART SECOND.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER I.

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LECTURES.

THE BEST METHOD OF COMMUNICATING KNOWLEDGE.

The green oasis, the valley of the Nile, and other great rivers, mark no less clearly the fertilizing influence of water, than polar lands and the sterile wastes of the desert proclaim either the want or the destructive action of vitality; and so in every country the results of the teacher can be clearly traced in the intelligence, morality and public spirit of the people; thus, too, may be traced the effects of theory, the true and good, bringing forth a hundred fold of happiness, and the evil exhibiting naught but injury as a bad legacy to succeeding generations.

* * * * *

One of the most common and mischievous theories of mind upon which practical teaching is founded, is that there are natural differences of intellectual ability independent and prior to all educational influences, that some can, with great facility, comprehend, acquire and retain, either the elements of learning or the details of business; that some are born to be

statesmen, generals, poets, and men of distinction, whilst others, by reason of the small amount of intellect God has given them, are predestined to insignificance. Though this is not the place to refute this popular error, we may be allowed to say that the doctrine is false metaphysically, impious theologically, and exceedingly pernicious in practical life.

* * These differences are the result of man's conduct and circumstances, hence not being a fixed creation of omnipotence, they are subject to human control: their disadvantages may be overcome by industry, and the recuperative power of intellect may wing a loftier and steadier flight from having struggled with early difficulties. * * Many an embryo giant is consigned to degradation, the hopes of a father and the pride of a mother are blasted, by a useless and false theory.

* * * *

Referring to the necessity of awakening the intellectual faculties and also the affections of men, he says:

"Toward these results every proper teacher will move from the commencement of the alphabet, through all studies, exercises and schools, looking more closely to the developments of the mind and heart than to the number of pages accomplished or aptness in recitation. The *effect* of information, instruction and study is the chief thing to be considered, and without direct attention to this, all methods

of communicating knowledge will be hazardous to the recipient. Every sensible man feels both indignation and disappointment when his son returns from the common school, the academy, or the college with folios of grammar, mathematics and languages, and at the same time exhibits a wild, untutored mind, pernicious sentiments, and vicious inclinations, suitable for nothing but pompous arrogance, boisterous merriment and ruinous extravagance; or when the young lady returns, advanced with the elegances of literature, embroidery and music, but marred with intolerable affectation, whimsical sentimentalism and morbid ill humor. Such youths of either sex are not educated, they have not experienced the best method of communicating knowledge, and no great name of teacher, school or college can atone for the fault, or repair the melancholy injury thus inflicted upon the immortal spirit.

The only source of direct and real profit to the student is his own personal exertion, hence he is the best teacher in any given case who arouses the student to energetic action, directs his efforts in the right way to consistent, worthy and noble ends; causes him to form manly, tasteful and proper habits, and creates within him a thirst for knowledge and personal excellence that will bear him firmly through all the allurements of dissipation, the dazzling splendor of prosperity or the deep, dark gloom of adversity. He knows how to teach who reads the soul's

character and capabilities; marks the high goal it may attain, kindles its own inherent ambition, makes it shun immorality and dishonor as loathsome things, and teaches it to labor, dare and do, relying upon justice, self and God. Such teachers (and North Carolina has a noble share) are the benefactors of mankind; their worthy deeds deserve richer laurels than ever graced lauded statesman or conquering general.

* * * *

If the teacher cannot clothe with fascination the systematic columns of the spelling book, the maxims and stories of the Reader, the principles and problems of Arithmetic, the definitions and exercises of Grammar, and all other subjects he proposes to teach, he has embarked in the wrong profession, and should at once and forever abandon that for which he is not qualified.

From the considerations presented, it will be apparent that we do not think any system will be a good one in the hands of an improper man; that teaching is far from being similar to the mechanic arts, which simply require conformity to rules, lines and proportions, without any reference whatever to the character or disposition of the operator; that teaching stands alone among professions unlike all others, and requiring for its efficient accomplishment a nice combination of character, inclination and acquirement. As a general rule, whatsoever a man has ability, habit and inclination to perform in a superior

manner, he delights to do, and finds a kind of mental compulsion laid upon him to discharge that work; thus the proper teacher feels a necessity to impart knowledge, he is uneasy and restless in other employments, thinks and talks only of the studies and scenes of the school-room, finds more pleasure in arithmetic than in the splendid romances of Bulwer or Scott, and prefers the exercises of examination to all the theatricals of Mrs. Siddons, or the inimitable Garrick.

In turning our attention to the actual routine of imparting knowledge, it may be proper to remark, that scarcely any subject can be thoroughly and completely learned alone or at any one period in life. The alphabet, the first link in learning's endless chain, cannot be comprehended in all its significance by a mere child; the forms and names of the letters may be learned, the sound given to certain combinations, and the regulation of the voice in connecting these sounds together; but what child can understand the laws of orthoepy in their nature, applications and musical arrangement? These depend upon the organic structure of vocal organs, the inevitable difference of vowel, sub-vowel and aspirate, the distinction of monophthong, diphthong and triphthong, and thence far nicer distinctions, embracing pitch, force, time, melody, sharps and flats. These things, implying some knowledge of anatomy, physiology, symbols and music, must be understood before a clear

knowledge can be gained of the number of letters requisite, why some represent two or more sounds, why some are silent, the difference between the name of the letter and the sound it represents, why *v* may not precede *b* before a vowel as easily as *b* can precede *r*, and numerous other interesting considerations upon the same subject. Hence will be seen, that even the English alphabet, completely understood, is a beautiful field of thought, abounding in the most acute logical distinctions, the finest discriminations of taste and elegance, and by no means inferior in genuine excellence to the most finished of modern accomplishments; but can neither be taught alone in a very short time, nor to a very young person. If it should be considered that a subject of so little elegant reputation is unworthy the attention of mature thought, that its philosophy and distinctions are fruitless niceties and empty speculation, it may be answered that they are as substantial and real, as improving in their tendency, and as practical in their application, as the laws and maxims of any science in the whole range of mental cultivation. Now the best method of communicating knowledge on this subject will manifestly be that which, disregarding all extraneous and temporary excitements, fixes attention by the peculiar influences of the subject itself, accomplishes each particular in a mode and time that will predispose to further progress, and properly prepare the mind for its reception. Every-

thing learned should have reference to the whole subject, and every hour's study may and should increase a desire for further knowledge. Orthœpy and orthography, like all other sciences, are composed of parts. These have a relation to each other as well as to the progressive development of mind; and when studied in the right order and under proper influences, there will always be ease, clearness, interest and profit. Let the teacher present the alphabet in name, form, sound, or combination; let each point be made perfectly clear; let the utility, beauty and influence of each be carefully explained, and a youthful ardor will be aroused that will conquer all indifference to study, or the attractions of sport.

* * * * *

“Want of interest in primary learning, ignorance of its utility and vast import, and consequent deficiency in language, the great instrument of thought, are at this hour, perhaps, the greatest impediment to profound scholarship and literary distinction. There are graduates in the land who boast proficiency in the language of Cicero, and affect Parisian purity in French, who neither understand the nature nor the philosophy of the English alphabet. That method of instruction is wrong in any land that permits a neglect of the maternal tongue. * * Endow the teacher with the knowledge and unction of his profession, then with chalk and blackboard he shall bring forth flashes of light, even from the alphabet,

that will hold spell-bound the most listless and inattentive, wooing them gently unaware and upward to the full stature of intellectual maturity.

* * * * *

“The real objects of Geography and Natural Science collected together, would be sufficiently interesting to cause the play-ground to be neglected, the ball-room to be emptied, cards to be forsaken, and even vice to be abandoned. Now the books are the natural world in miniature, and supply the place of universal travel, and the teacher must so explain the picture as to invest it with real life. Good action on the stage causes the audience to forget that it is all fiction, and good teaching makes the learner forget that the object contemplated is mere paper and ink.

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“In the same mode the Physical Sciences unfold their vast accumulations of facts, all bound together by long chains of sequence, cause and effect, and lead the mind by the sweetest attractions through illimitable fields of richness, from Nature up to Nature’s God. Then, standing upon the summit of these great mountains of thought, with fields of loveliness all smiling between, the high-born soul, conscious of its strength, dignity and immortality, scorns the insignificant and vile among mortal things, lives in a higher, nobler element, drinks from purer fountains, lives upon higher hopes, and achieves a more glorious destiny.”

EXTRACTS FROM HIS LECTURES ON RHETORIC AND THE FINE ARTS.

“Aesthetic force supports morals, creates a natural taste for the pure and good, prevents low and depraved inclinations; avoids vulgarity in speech, thought, and act; supports the proprieties, the great guardians of morals. A man whose taste is depraved, and who has small love for the beautiful, will find it difficult to be a gentleman or a Christian.

“It has impulsive power. It warms the soul into life and activity; it excites the soul by the healthiest natural force.

“It has sustaining power. Every song of the bird, every blooming rose and every sunset sky holds the soul up to higher attainments. Every good thing can speak to his nature and help him.

“The essential importance of rhetoric is threefold.

“1. Its personal importance is of the highest rank, since, in spite of all circumstances, in all conditions and at all ages, our happiness strictly depends upon correct feeling.

“2. It is socially important, because, by inducing correct thought and feeling, it would drive away the jars and discords of communities and drop the gentle dews of peaceful serenity upon all the hearthstones of the land.

“3. It is of public importance, because, by the same

means, crimes and wrongs would come to an end and the wolf and the lamb would roam together o'er the plain."

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"The æsthetic influence of the world is its noblest expression: it is God speaking with ten thousand tongues to the noblest powers of man. Sensual utility is "of the earth, earthy," but around every particle of creation is spread a higher glory. The flowers of the plain, the oaks of the forest, the murmuring rivulet, the mighty river, the plain, the mountain, the lake, the ocean, the earth, and the stars all speak in God-like eloquence to the soul of man."

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"The more highly the mind and heart are cultivated, the more powerful impressions are. The hydra feels a wound less than a horse; the horse less than a man. None but the most elevated are capable of the greatest emotions; the stupid may rage like a brute, but the cultured only are capable of the highest passions of any kind."

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"Much of the restlessness, roaming, and evil of young people is due to the fact that they have no resources of amusement in themselves, and no material upon which they can employ their hearts."

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"The character of this age is destructive to poetic talent; its effort is for wealth, pomp and sensual

pleasure; its philosophy is utility and application with the perpetual motto, “*cui bono.*” It has few aspirations to explore the vast empires of the beautiful, the good and the true.

“The spirit of this age calls for a poet. The cry has rolled from Greenland to the Southern Cape, over every land and sea, “who will sing the anthem of the 19th century?” The mighty exploits of science have never been told in immortal verse; battles far greater than Angora, Marathon or Platea, are passing away to oblivion without a bard to perpetuate their remembrance. The great spirit of this century, with its dim prophesies of future greatness, its unutterable impulses, and its unparalleled achievements, has found none to give it a name, or fathom the depth of its wisdom.”

FROM LECTURE ON RHETORIC.

“As samples of the historical novel, we have Homer, whose power consists in his powerful description, and the correct philosophy of his events. We have Scott, distinguished for his powerful development of character and his vivid descriptions of nature; his philosophy is meager and unimportant. We have Cooper, unsurpassed in the development of Indian and sailor character, and in the philosophy of his events; his descriptive power is rather inferior.

“As samples of the sentimental novel, we have

Virgil, vivid and accurate in description, natural in sentiment, but feeble in philosophy of events. We have Dante, powerful in his investigation of the whole human character, correct in his philosophy of induction, and terrible in his delineations. We have Milton, glowing in description, powerful in the invention of probable character, and philosophic in stating the actions and tendency of such character."

In illustrating the different classes of literature, there are references to Rousseau, Moliere, Voltaire, Scott, Dickens, Shakespeare, Swift, Cervantes, Irving, Cooper, Bulwer, Racine, Corneille, and many writers of Greece and Rome.

FROM LECTURE ON SCULPTURE.

" From the plains of the Ganges and the desert of Gobi, from the grass-grown mounds of Nineval and the submerged plains of Babylon, come voices from the aged tongue of Sculpture that speak eloquently of the olden times. Petra hewn from the solid rock, Palmyra on the lone sandy waste, Egypt with its pyramids, and Jerusalem, the chosen city of God, all speak in the language of Sculpture, and breathe a remnant of primeval life. The obelisk of Egypt still shows the school-boy lessons of Moses, and the broken columns of Diana's Temple, at Ephesus, continue to breathe the spirit that opposed St. Paul."

"America, especially, needs sculptors of indigenous growth, not men with the spirit and even the genius of Italy, but men who have been nurtured by our own natural, social and political life—men who understand our traditions, our history, and our aspirations. Then would our noblest conceptions and the finest outflowings of our life be impersonated in the rock, and our nationality would be recorded on tables that never decay.

"This department of art would have a powerful tendency to check and change the rapidly increasing spirit of sensuality and love of wealth. The noble free spirit of America already indicates a premature decline and an inglorious end. Few are disposed to develop their powers, discipline their nature, and be men; we are a nation of dwarfs, a generation of blasted nobility, without much promise of a brighter future.

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"Every form of life has its external index, the material table upon which is written its character in nature's own dialect. Not only the kinds of life are manifested by the differences of tree, flower and shrub, animal and man, but the character of each may be read in the changing leaf, the waning flower, and the pale countenance.

"Every animal involuntarily shows its passion, as in the raised hair of the dog, the protruding claws of the tiger, and the firm-set teeth of infuriated man.

"Every emotion and passion of man has an external expression, a visible impress upon the body and its motions; these constitute the natural language of the passions so well understood and so truthfully expressed by sculptors and painters.

"This expression of the soul's character not only shows itself in the lines of the face, the proportions of the nose, the movement of the lips, and the movements of the body, but in the countenance, that indescribable illumination of face that shows the light and shadows of the invisible indwelling sun. . . .

"The lines of power about mouth and chin tell of internal, unslumbering energy, while the very soul of the sensualist is printed upon his lips. See the fathomless depths of intellect in the eye, or the glare of ruthless passion, or the cunning of heartless chicanery, or the sparkle of joyous innocence, or the leer of foul libertinism, or the exaltation of inspired pathos.

"The most conspicuous and permanent effect is produced by secret thoughts, unexpressed desires and emotions—the deep fires of the soul that smoulder under the confinement of the will, and thus burn their own smoke into the firm texture of the body."

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"The appreciation and enjoyment of the highest and most refined beauty, require accurate and profound culture. Hence the rich things of God's creation are unknown to the untutored multitude."

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In his lectures on Geology are many fine passages. He easily comprehended the vastness, beauty and utility of all science. As illustrative of his appreciation of this field of knowledge, a few extracts are given:

"It may be that the six days of Genesis mean vast epochs, in which God made all that this universe contains; that he now pauses till certain developments shall have been accomplished, and that yet again his mandate will go forth; new orbs and systems will spring into being, until all the concave of ether will shine with glittering stars. It may be that in cycles to come, this globe may be inhabited by a new, noble and kindred race. Then may they doubt and wonder, when, in solid hills, they find trees and animals, when in digging far down they find the lettered blocks of our Washington monument, the paved streets of New York, the endless machinery of Birmingham and Sheffield, the vast collection of the English navy or the curious collections in the Mediterranean.

"Geology is yet in its infancy, and yet it has done more to clear up and enlarge the conceptions of Divine truth than any other science. It upholds the omnipotence, wisdom, benevolence and providence of God with a lucidness of demonstration unequalled in any department of physical inquiry. It proves the most precious truths by unprejudiced testimony from each of nature's great kingdoms; it adds a new

continent to the domain of intellect, abounding in all that can enrich the mind. This noble science, in a literary sense, takes rank with the very first; its vocabulary is adapted to all ages and nations; its rhetoric rushes in soul-fire from the hearts of millions living and dead, and its anthem of praise to God is noted through all formations upon ancient beach and terrace. Its legends are written upon rock and cavern, bone and shell; its fortress of truth is older than the rocks of the pyramids, and will be unassailed when those mighty piles shall have mouldered to dust. Geology has gone back to the time when Eden was, and though six thousand years remote from life and light, has only reached the first mark upon her wand of time, and then through times, too great for calculation, mid reptiles and creatures strange, in earthquakes and commotions vast, she heard the Mighty God pronounce the doom of chaotic rule, raise up the blue dome of air, and flash the first beams of light across the gloom profound."

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"As the sun arose over those pristine hills, the lark welcomed him with a song, and rose up to meet his first beams in mid-air; then began the cheerful but monotonous "bob-white" of the quail; the vulture took his station in the air as a heaven-appointed scavenger; the albatross and pelican soared over the deep and gazed with pleasure upon ocean storms, and at night the owl attempted to continue the music

of the day, and though not written in the records of Geology, tradition affirms that his owlship ruined his vocal apparatus in his effort.

“The Miocene period is marked by a very exact but most ludicrous imitation of man: the Ape, in his many varieties, now peopled the tropic climate that then spread from pole to pole; the Dinothereum, larger than the mastodon or elephant, with two huge tusks and a snout, inhabited both land and water, and the Rhinoceros come forth as a proper companion and associate. Then, too, under oaks and nut trees and along the streams, Hogs displayed their greediness and grunted themselves to sleep; whilst in jungles the Tiger’s terrific roar startled creation’s repose, and the night was made hideous by the screams of Panthers and feline animals of every kind. Then the great Mastodon died in Kentucky to be the wonder of this age; the Hippopotamus assumed the empire of rivers and shallow seas, and the Horse came forth, the gentleman of beasts and the pride of man.

“The Pliocene period is marked by the Elephant, with his docility and strength; the Ox followed as the great utilitarian of his age; next bounded the Deer into existence, wild, graceful and fleet; then the Dolphin performed odd feats in the sea; the Seal and Walrus sought homes in the coldest places; and the Whale was crowned monarch of the ocean; whilst the hills were covered with poplars, elms, willows, chesnuts and sycamores.”

CHAPTER II.

ADDRESS TO THE GRADUATES.

Young Gentlemen of the Senior Class:

I have had the pleasure of delivering to you the official diploma of this institution. You are now to go forth as graduated men—men whose talent, discipline and attainments qualify you to do men's work, bear men's burdens, and receive men's rewards.

You do not go forth to make a vain parade of learning, but to use it effectively in the real interests of life; you do not go to boast of whence you came, but to make others boast of the substantial good you can do; you do not go to seek pleasant, remunerative positions by displacing other men, but to build such positions for yourselves that all men would like to have them. Go not by choice where money and honors are easily won—such is not the place for doing the greatest good, nor the locality for the best and largest growth of young manhood—but select fields that are large and capable and that most need the tiller's hand. Be the architects of your own fortunes, make your own plans, lay the foundations with your own hands, and then, by the help of God, build palaces in which real men can live. Take no temporary or secondary employment, for these seeming necessities or present conveniences are the ruin of talent, the blight of great capacity, and have irretrievably ruined much of the fine talent that has gone

out well polished and strong from college halls; but begin life's work, and a work for life, with the love and fire and hope of youth; let there be neither memory nor scar from other pursuits; no habits formed nor inclinations developed, but such as belong to the great mission. No man should ever feel that he has two chances in life; he should select one and with it live or die. Be emphatically men of one work, let it be large enough for any talent, and lasting enough for any age, and then depend upon it for fortune and fame. This is the only foundation for eminent success, and the only means of distinguished usefulness. The work you select, and the mode and success of performance, may have much to do in arresting the mad proclivity of this age to neglect collegiate education altogether. With a depressing and widely extended pecuniary inability, comes a fearful apathy toward liberal study and profound culture. The effective desire for thorough education is comparatively less than it was thirty years ago. The educational tendencies in full force when the war began, have chiefly sustained the colleges till the present; but these tendencies have expended themselves by lapse of time, and the new age, like all others in similar circumstances, has neither acquired the fortune nor the higher aspiration necessary to seek or sustain high literary culture. You are to demonstrate the utility and beauty of thorough mental discipline, to prove that the State and the church have

need of larger men than ever grow in the wilds of ignorance, and to prove to all that time and money spent in accomplishing the most extensive college curriculum, are amply repaid by a large increase of the noblest manhood. Be such men in all relations of life, that crude presumption may be effectually discredited; that chicanery may neither have excuse for its existence, nor success for its reward, and that profound scholarship may establish its utility in a new republic, by conferring blessings upon the republic that no other condition of life can bestow.

If your object is worth the cost and life of a cultivated man, it will be long weary years before you pluck the golden fruit. Be not impatient and never despair. Many great things are ruined by haste, by the impatience of friends, and the malicious chidings of foes; by hasty observers who know not that the ocean has an ebb as well as a flow, and by prophecies that are intended to work their own fulfilment. To yield, or change, or hasten to premature finish, is to ruin good work and waste a life. Know your work and know it well; then do it, regardless of criticism and without too much advice. Men may be, and often are, advised to death. Wise men observe all things, and learn from all men, but work by the light and force of their own intelligence; they bridge no gulfs by expedients, but build the solid masonry as they go; they never make bounteous to-day by heavy drafts on to-morrow; and they always press direct

upon the center of resistance. Competition is supposed to benefit trade, to improve all business, and to be the steel of the intellect; but competition, as generally understood, and in the modes commonly practiced, is utterly beneath first-rate ability, and revoltingly repugnant to a true man. The only true race is against time itself and for eternity. To surpass others, to be the observed for a day, to be in the ascendancy, however small the ascent, may be compensation enough for mediocrity; but can be neither the object nor reward of real worth. No two heroic men can or will work alike, or for the same end, and all comparisons between them are false in application, and odious to the men themselves. Do for yourselves a good work and of the greatest possible magnitude. Sow largely and reap your own harvests, without counting any sheaf from a neighbor's field. Avoid all ordinary competition, for it leads inevitably to deceits in work, false estimates, popular plausibilities, and every conceivable meanness of soul ; it encourages the tattler, gives employment to the intermeddler, offers a nucleus for exaggerations and intentional misconstruction ; rouses into fury the bitterest and blackest envy, and breaks the oldest and strongest bonds of friendship. Compete with no man, but do work that all must admire.

In doing this work, think for yourself and to yourself, for every really successful man in history, without a single exception, was a man who had strong

reliance upon himself. Not only does God help those who help themselves, but men do the same, and self-help depends largely upon self-thought, original resource, and inflexible resolution. Give liberally, receive from all, and lean only upon yourself.

CHAPTER III.

SERMONS AND EXTRACTS FROM SERMONS.

“THE GREAT PROMISE.”

Acts i, 4.

“All preaching without the Holy Ghost is a mockery, an insult to God. The splendid eloquence of Chatham or Clay, would be abomination in the pulpit, unless another ingredient is added. God never consecrated the pulpit to discuss science, parade philosophy, revel in imagination or display rhetorical finery, but rather to wield the plain and simple, but ponderous and burning words of the Gospel.”

“THE NURTURE OF THE SOUL.”

Matt. iv, 4.

“‘What shall we eat, and wherewithal shall we be clothed,’ is the first problem of the age. The French revolution, in 1790, deified famine, dissipated the grand old ideas of social joy and refined taste, and made bread the watchword for all peoples and clans. For seventy years bread has been the autocrat of human ambition, and has marshaled all

forces and energies of mind and body to coerce every kingdom of nature into prolific production. The emphatic thought of the world is unquestionably concerned chiefly about eating, about what enters into the composition of breakfast, dinner and supper, about aliment in general—scripturally summed up in the word *bread*. And this is not confined to the rude, uncultured masses; but is more especially dominant among the wealthy, the cultivated and influential. Hence the science of Elementary Production has received more attention and more enlargement than any other; in the last half century chemistry has advanced from the baseless speculations of Alchemy to a firm position among things positive and calculable. Wars have arisen about the transportation of corn, and tariffs upon tea; men have been ennobled and immortalized for improvements in the furniture of the kitchen, and great statesmen have summoned their mightiest energies upon sugar hogsheads, salt sacks and pork barrels. Poetry has left the old haunts of the muses, sacred and profane, no longer lingering in the shady groves and along the murmuring streams, but loving rather illimitable fields of corn, immense squares of cabbage, and tables that bend beneath the weight of savory dishes. Eloquence has forgotten the forum, the senate hall and the hustings, and now rather pours its burning power upon toast-speeches at public dinners, fired by the rich odors of turtle-soup and champagne.

According to the notions of this bread-loving age, even beauty can only reach its meridian in the dining-room, and social etiquette knows no higher compliment than an invitation to dine, or a card intimating that madam and tea send their compliments for nine o'clock P. M. Thus the eating idea has eclipsed all others, and man the animal, has dethroned man the spirit. Bread must be had if the soul is lost. Starvation is esteemed the very worst thing in this world or the next, and whatever delays dinner is a foe to the summit of human felicity.”

FROM A SERMON ON “DIVINE LIFE.”

Romans viii, 8.

“The Divine Life in the soul is a distinct existence, given directly from God, and subordinating all other forms of life and forces. 1. The text cannot be true in the common acceptation of the terms, and the common understanding of the proposition. We do not accept such a theology. 2. Perhaps some of the well-established doctrines of Biology, will throw light upon the subject. 3. This comparatively new science has engaged the noblest intellects, and while greatly abused by the infidel sages of France, has contributed no little to theological science. 4. The mineral world has no life, but is governed by an organic law of form, that subordinates the chemical law of atoms and composition. The vegetable adds

to the mineral vitality with the single function of plasticity, subordinating the mineral law. The animal adds to the vegetable sensation and perception, and subordinates the vegetable. Man adds to the animal reason and subordinates all below. The Divine Life in the soul is a distinct existence, given of God and subordinating all others."

It may be remarked in this connection that Dr. Craven never realized any conflict between science and revealed religion, but rather made science the servant of religion. He reconciled Genesis with Geology by interpreting the six days of creation to be figurative representing long periods."

FROM A SYNOPTICAL SERMON ENTITLED "ALL THINGS ARE TEACHERS AND ALL TEACHING IS NECESSARY."

Job xii, 7, 8, 9.

"Without knowledge there is no growth, and without a continual increase of knowledge there can be no real progress. This is true of the minister, the physician, lawyer, farmer, or merchant. Hence many Christians lack all elements of growth soon after conversion.

"The sources of this knowledge are the physical world, the mathematical world, the mental and the religious. All these are pious books of Revelation. God is in all alike. They are all essential elements of growth, and without them there can be no real

man at all. Then the scientific is the explanation of the moral. Take away all created things or ideas of things, and man could not understand God's moral teaching at all. If the world—its surroundings—did not explain the Lord's Sermon on the Mount, who could understand it? Then the more we understand of these things, the better we shall understand the Bible. Perhaps the whole Bible will not be completely understood till all nature is."

FROM A DISCOURSE ON "CONFIDENCE IN MAN."

2 Cor. vii, 16.

"A large part of the evil and misery of the world arises from a want of confidence in man. Faith in man is next in importance to faith in God. Faith in God brings out all the blessings of salvation. Faith in man is the only thing that can develop all that is noble in man, and bring out all the blessings of united, genial hearts. * * When we lack this grace we weaken all with whom we come in contact; our influence is unnerving and pernicious upon all hearts. Infidelity to God or man is ruinous to society. Sceptics, scoffers, and misanthropes inevitably ruin society by repressing all that is noble. * *

"A want of confidence in man ruins our own efforts, paralyzes our energy, cools and hardens the heart, kills all inducement to activity and endurance.

"A want of confidence makes us miserable beyond

all other human effects. A heart without confidence can neither have ease, sympathy, joy, hope, enthusiasm, nor any other warming, energizing power.

"The cultivation of the genial, social, confiding, sympathetic and philanthropic, is one of the most important Christian duties."

FROM NOTES ON "THE RASHNESS OF TRANSGRESSIONS."

Matt. xxvii, 25.

"It is said the death-shriek never ceases to ring in the ears of the murderer; homeless and a wanderer, he never can escape the agonies of the departing soul. What, then, must be the crime of murdering the son of God, of stretching forth a hand to dethrone the eternal Jehovah, of brutally and fiendishly slaying the Prince of Peace. Lawless liberty may glory in the red poinard of Brutus, dripping with the blood of Cæsar; purity may canonize Virginia, consecrating her countrymen with her own heart's blood; and constitutional freedom may laud Cromwell, sprinkling the diadem of English right with the blood of a crowned king, but who can exult in a nation of sinners doubly sealing their own damnation with the gushing blood of God's eternal Son?

"Earth has many places made fearful by crime. No wandering Tartar lingers at the beautiful fountain of Koordistan, where the princess of Afghan was murdered by the Altai robbers; no German tarries

all night at the old castle of Tubingen, where Mary of Tours was killed at dawn, after hearing all night the cries of her tortured child; and no Scotchman will enter the cave of Ben Nevis, where the young Earl of Maury was starved to death. There are plains and places so stained with blood and cursed with cruelty, that at twilight hours they seem to be filled with mocking fiends and gibbering ghosts. But did any place ever witness such inhuman cruelty as Mount Calvary? And can the foot of earth's last man ever tread that blood-stained summit without feeling that more than mortality still dwells there? Are there not still traces of that blood, that redeemed a lost world and, in the gloom of a faded sun, vanquished the king of terrors? The text is a degree of human madness and ungovernable frenzy that has no parallel in all the history of earth.

“Thus, then, naturally, logically and theologically, all things may affect us and help us as though we had been present, experienced and formed part of them.

“Universal travel ought to make one wise, polished and good; but, by belief, we can take all with more rapidity and less expense.

“If we are diligent as we should be, true to ourselves and to God, we may be wise and accomplished as though we had lived six thousand years; had talked with Adam, Moses, Abraham and Jesus, because all this may be realized by us.

"As though we had traveled all over earth—as though we had begun our days in chaos—as though we had traveled more than 3,000,000,000 miles, and visited 10,000 stars—as though we had been through heaven and hell and had seen the judgment day.

"What a gigantic power has God given us, and what elements to nurture us to immortal life !

"All things work for us, and we require them all."

FROM NOTES ON "DEMORALIZATION."

Isaiah xxii, 13.

"Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die," said the old Hebrew world of sinners: *To kalon agathon esti*, said the jovial, pleasure-loving Greek; *dum vivimus vivamus*, said the *elite* of the Roman world, led on by Horace and his tuneful brethren.

"With dainties rich and a brimming bowl,
And beauty, and music, and song,
I'll never care for the fate of my soul,
Always merry and always young."

says the modern pleasure-seeking reveller. Thus the old maxim has lived through all ages and is still a potent theology with all classes.

"This godless-pleasure life, this mania after artificial excitement, this carelessness of the future, is a species of spiritual madness. It borders on derangement. It is a certain sign of high and dangerous fever in the body politic or in social life."

FROM NOTES ON "BROTHERHOOD."

1 Peter iii, 8.

" Man alone could not be man: having the form and functional endowment of a rational creature he could be nothing but a brute. To be a man or woman, we must speak or be spoken to; we must hear the human voice, and see the human countenance. We must not only commune with nature and God, but with man; we must see the light of kindred thought and feel the fire of human souls. Some kind of community, some number of neighbors, and some tie of common interest must bind us together. We must have congregations, meetings and assemblies of the people, not only to accomplish certain specific ends, but for the health of the soul and the culture of the finer humanities. The log-rolling, house-warming, huskings, and gatherings of a new rural population, not only more effectively accomplish certain work by union of effort, but they are needful to soul-life, and are the rude culturing instruments of a higher life. It is not good to live so isolated that we cannot see the smoke from our neighbor's chimney, nor hear the bark of his dog. Clanship may carry this too far. Aristocratic caste may restrict too much. Parties may use it for selfish ends. Rings may use it for injustice.

" Man in society is like a flower,
Blown in its native bed. 'Tis then alone
His faculties, expanded in full bloom,
Shine out; there only wait their proper use."

"Without unity through union nothing noble can be accomplished. Human unity has as yet been very imperfect, yet it has by the railroad reduced a mile to thirty-two rods; and by steamships, the Atlantic is only 1,000 miles wide. It has given better clothing, more food, and more comforts of every kind. It is educating the masses, building colleges and churches, presenting strong barriers to crime, and lifting the nations from gods of wood and stone. * * Every thing that man wants is too great for single effort; it must be the result of many hands and heads and hearts. Without unity there is no happiness; the stream of bliss must flow through more hearts than one before it can flash with joy. A thought, or a word, is enriched by age until it flows with nectar. Nothing but regeneration can lift a man above narrow selfishness and make him see that his good is the good of all."

FRAGMENT WITHOUT TITLE OR TEXT.

"They that grow up to manhood with no thought but such as is afforded by the nursery and youthful experience, begin the world afresh and take their places next to Adam; but they who live upon great, rich thought, some Asiatic, some Greek, some Roman, and much Anglo-Saxon, live six thousand years in their youth, and may take their places next

to Calhoun, Maury or Webster. The ignorant miser has thought feeling and life, as old as the flood ; the graceless devotee of pleasure ought to date himself about the times of Sodom, and the stupid bigot is contemporary with Goths, Huns, and other tribes of the dark ages. We must be raised upon thought ; all the light of the past must enter our eyes, that we may clearly see the present; but we must be more than a pantry, or even a library; we must put forth a life of our own, not like any that has been or is ; when we die the human mind ought to make another mark upon the scroll of time."

The following are mere fragments of thought found among his notes :

"Theology is a tedious and difficult science, and beyond controversy hinders the progress of the gospel. But salvation is an easy science. Nearly all people can comprehend its conditions, its active forces, and its results. The sectarian way to heaven is circuitous, doubtful and irksome; the Bible way is plain and direct."

* * * * *

"The imagination may do great things in fiction, poetry and art. The reason may be wonderful in its grasp. The understanding may be a vast storehouse of valuables. The polish of mind may be a lustre in the midst of all bright things. But high above all these is the gigantic power of belief. * * Men and women, made of the thoughts, inclinations and

affections of this or any other one age, are poor, feeble and incapable of earning even a penny in the Lord's vineyard. Real people, of good material and fast colors—people that will bear wearing and washing and ironing—must have in them somewhat as old as Moses: something from yesterday's newspapers, and somewhat that God has sent back word by revelation from the other side of the resurrection. Every one that is capable of being a finished saint must be a well-made man or woman; and it requires all time, and a part of eternity to make them. It requires all humanity rightly to make a man. Part of humanity is gone to dust; part now lives, and part is yet to be. The past we must obtain by belief, most of the present we must realize in the same way, and the future we must see by faith. Thus, burning Sodom, Noah on the flood, Esther saving a nation, Christ at the tomb of Lazarus, and John's mighty multitude of the redeemed, must all come to our realization by belief. Through this mighty door come lights from the whole universe; dews and streams from all God's dominions, and thus all things work together for our good.

"The high spiritual can be accomplished only in connection with the highest human. At the bottom of all greatness or usefulness, either human or divine, there must be a solid foundation of pure human nature. The greatest men have the most of the human in them, and the heroic, historic women of

every age were none of your dainty, dew-fed, star-beamed, ethereal, unearthly abstractions; but they were most tremendously human, with abundance of good, rich blood: good eaters, famous for laughing or crying, and capable of a good, sound rage when occasion demanded. An inexhaustible abundance of the human is the stuff to make saints out of. Neither God nor man has any use for blasted, sapped, worm-eaten timber. Men and women in their natural, unconverted estate, that despise all enjoyment, go into spasms at the barking of dogs, cannot tolerate romping, crying children, faint at three drops of blood, would rather drink stale water than go to the well, and can have all their teeth extracted without uttering a groan, are mere rubbish and waste-paper. They have too little human nature to ever get religion; they are already given over, not for hardness but dryness of heart. The ancients made even their wounded gods roar in anguish, thereby showing their fidelity to art if nothing else. An unconverted man, that never breaks the commandments, must be a poor dried-up mummy, incapable of good or bad. There is more hope of a downright, plump, jolly sinner than of a prim, austere old moralist. The only way men can behave themselves decently, without Jesus and the Holy Ghost, is to murder their own human nature, and make themselves something for which there is no redemption. The divine nature was killed by the

fall, and the human nature was badly crippled: if we need the atonement for the one, we need a surgeon for the other. Both natures were in perfection in Adam the first man, in Christ the second Adam, and must be in all the children of the kingdom.

“To teach is to advance from the known to the unknown, from darkness to light, from the obscure to the clear. To do this requires the old speaking with new tongues and new significance; or else new things speaking the old dialect. Hence symbolism is the great medium of advance. All things are historical. The present explains the past and the past explains the present: either would be unintelligible without the other. Ancient things pass not away, they enter into and make what is. Thus every age flashes new light upon Providence and Revelation, as new results are wrought out.”

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“This body is a temple. It is wrought out of material nicely fashioned, laid with inimitable skill, and cemented by the powers of vitality. It is finished with elaborate compartments, with the richest coloring, and the most splendid decorations. It is the dwelling place of the Spirit, the abode of immortality.

“In this alone can the Spirit hold converse with God. None can go out of his temple to worship God in a holier place. Here in the several apartments must each power and faculty await the com-

ing of the Lord. Hence both a sound body and a sound mind are essential to the noblest service.

“This is the only temple on earth that God inhabits. He may write His name upon all created things, and make His melody ring out from all things, but He inhabits nothing on earth but the human temple.”

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“Without the Gospel no man is alive. The sinners of this world are dead, their wild gambols and ungodly glee are mere animal spasms. Their laugh and huzza are hollow and hideous. They know nothing of that high, glorious life that is hid with Christ in God. To own abundance of wealth, make a vast parade in servants, equipage and dress, and feel the exclusive, disdainful aristocratic hauteur, is not life; to press every thought and every hour into the service of pecuniary acquisition, starve and freeze the hands in the field, encroach in all trades, insult and oppress the widow and orphan, and neglect wife, children, home and God, is not life. To cut all social existence into sets and circles, pretend to know none but the elected few, and banish all concern for the great family of man, is not life. None of this is the life that was brought to light by the Son of God.”

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“Every line of science is a pathway to God. He (the Christian) ought to praise the iron, lead, gold and silver. Then he should make them praise God in harps and organs and every form of music.”

"He ought to praise man, not note his defects, but dwell upon his excellencies and nurture them by sweet, loving words. Though it is said that praise spoils, praise and not blame is the true nurture of greatness."

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"Every capacity of man, whether intellect, sensibility or will; whether thought, emotion, desire or volition, must have expression. Without that they neither live nor grow nor work. That expression may be by letters, by art, by works, or in many ways; but everything in man of any force expresses itself, and every man writes his life upon the world in some kind of expression."

* * * * *

"The soul that has never worshipped has never known what it is to be man or woman. Every soul wants to worship, and is useless till it does."

"Whatever tends to gratify human desire is wealth. All wealth is artificial, a compound of the Divine and human. Material wealth has divinity in it. Every article of luxury or use has in it the supernatural, quite as conspicuous as the human. God and man work together in one eternal copartnership, and when man does his part properly, there is always harmony and success."

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"God is not poor, that he cannot provide for his children. The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness

thereof. Jesus found gold to pay tax. He can make the earth fruitful: the stars are his plantations, and ungathered fruit is dropping from the trees of paradise."

* * * * *

"There are such things as spiritual presentiments. A storm on the coast of Africa troubles the waves on the American shore. Rheumatic joints foretell the equinoctial better than the almanac. The forest moans before the storm-cloud rises above the horizon. So does the soul of man have admonition of coming evils or favors. Angels whisper to it, and the Holy Ghost prompts it. Bright lights, or thunderings or lightnings upon the horizon of the spirit, are never to be disregarded."

* * * * *

"But the great majority leave the world sooner than they ought: the interest of humanity and the Kingdom of Christ require the services of old men and women. We have no right, by wilful ignorance, carelessness or dissipation to break the pitcher at the fountain before any water has been carried to the thirsty of this weary world."

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"The pyramids and catacombs of Egypt are the wonder of the world, but they are, at the same time, the fadeless epitaph of the most stupid and soulless form of civilization ever known to man. The contemptible booby, who is willing to live upon ances-

tral accumulations and spend his days at cheap gambling, or staring at beauty on the sidewalk, is a worthy compeer of the Egyptian gentleman."

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"Perhaps the truth is, that we all unintentionally circumscribe religion too much, and confine it to particular effects and developments, when it properly embraces much more. It is purification and new life; it is in the head and the heart, and we know both by thinking and feeling. As the sun's ray has light that is seen, heat that is felt, and chemical power that changes and builds the organic kingdom, so does redemption give light to the mind, warming vitality to the heart, and at the same time changes and builds up the spiritual man. As water is for cleansing and for drink, for showers and dews, for rivers and oceans, so the grace of God is of many forms and applications, suited to many different necessities, and relieves all kinds of want."

* * * * *

"In my mind I cordially embrace the doctrines of the church. I admire the sublimity of Revelation. I am touched by the kindness and love of God. I believe in the church, but I cannot live in it; it is utterly too cold and formal and dead. A man that can be a good church member in these days is fit for nothing else. Whoever can be content to live without any pleasure for the present, has but little life in him. Such a lifeless religion will never do for me.

All thinking and no feeling is the dullest of all possible conceptions. I would rather have the jerks like the New England penitents, or the rude furor of a Western camp-meeting, than the lifeless elegance of one of your city churches."

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In a sermon on the Philosophy of Experience, delivered August, 1866, after quoting a paragraph from Emerson on Compensation, is this addition:

"No sorrow on earth is beyond remedy, and no disaster is beyond the power of Providence to mend. No grief is so great that joy cannot dissolve it; no cloud is so thick and black that the winds cannot blow it away, and no desolation was ever so complete that the second building might not be better than the first. While heaven is possible no man has any right to despair. It disparages God's goodness and omnipotence to suppose that earthly ills can find no remedy.

"'The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want.'"

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"A man's strength does not consist so much in what he can do himself as in what he can induce others to do."

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"Every one of these notions has been and is believed by different denominations and persons; each can seemingly be established by explicit texts of Scripture, and all of them have brought forth beau-

tiful, nourishing fruit in the lives of their believers. None but bitter sectarians and bigots will pretend to say that the different churches and creeds have no apparent foundation in the Scriptures for their support, and surely none would be so unjust or uncharitable as to say that there had not been, in all the churches, lives pre-eminently holy, most charmingly beautiful, and enriched with every Christian grace."

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"Cicero said but one irreparable calamity can befall a man, which is 'to die badly.' Socrates said 'no man should be pronounced happy till the manner of his death is known.' To be ready to die is the best preparation to live."

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"The results of every age are specially marked by the heart productions of that age—the heart has marked itself deeper upon every age than the head has. Great heads are immortalized in stone, great hearts are written upon the race."

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"We want more of the ornamental. All matters of fact ought to be beautiful things. All implements ought to have the proportions and lines of beauty. We want more charity, more giving and less buying and selling. We want more of the commemorative. The dead should still speak, and in all the highways and by-paths of the multitude the monuments of departed worth should tell their story to coming ages.

"In history we want more of the gentle, the loving, the courteous; more of home scenes—more about mother and children."

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"Great talents can only be developed by great occasions. The inner soul comes forth only to meet distinguished guests. Thus were born the Iliad, Paradise Lost, St. Paul, Luther, etc.

"Nothing except God can accomplish its end alone. All created things are double. Anything alone would lose its significance. Sunlight without eyes or vegetables; the air without lungs or plants or earth; the diamond without light. 'A thing of beauty is a joy forever,' but nothing is beautiful alone. Raffaelle said no maiden ever reached her meridian of beauty till love bloomed in her heart."

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"The heart must be heard in religious things, it has revelations peculiar to itself. There are unspoken teachings for all souls. The greatest and best part of God's revelation has never been written."

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"The wisdom and accomplishments of this world, with the doctrines and divine life of Christianity, are transcendently brilliant and infinitely useful and desirable; but without these doctrines and this divine life they are a philosophical error, a moral failure and practical impudence. I have a scholar's respect for the great thinkers and actors of the past; I have

felt, and still feel, a lordly presence in the shades of Tusculum, on the shore of Scio, in the grove of the Academy, upon the banks of the Rubicon, upon the field of Wagram, and in the halls of Westminster; but as crucified to the world and a living minister of God, I ask what good have they done? Where and in what have they benefitted mankind! What polity of national good did they establish? What improvement in labor have they devised? What vice have they destroyed?"

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"If our actions, our resolutions, our great intentions and mighty works would only come to what we aim at, and not go beyond our wildest calculation, we should soon push Providence out of the world, and rule the globe absolutely. But our gardens bear herbs we never planted, a strange hand hath grafted all our trees, and every day there is a guest at our table we never invited."

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"Like the exciting food and intense heat of the tropics upon lyons, tigers and serpents, the wrath of God upon a guilty conscience is maddening."

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"There is something in a large number of spectators to produce propriety of conduct, repress all ignoble sentiments, and inspire elevated sentiments and actions. Indecency always seeks solitude; like the condor, it preys alone and then seeks some secluded haunt to sleep off its excesses."

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"Cold people are neither profitable nor loving.
* * All great belief is founded upon intelligence, enthusiasm and courage. Great belief is possible only to those who attempt great things. Eloquence demands a theme. The soul is quickened by the magnitude of the work. Little thoughts and poor conceptions kill the spirit. If God should offer us fifty dollars, or a great dinner, we could not believe it."

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"The church and the world need purer, more exalted and wider conceptions of Christian life, character, ends and aims. The old theories and stimulating speculations are dead. Our treasured ideals are the laughing stock of school boys. The best general conception of a Christian is not as good as Chatlham or Fox. When the sinner sketches the ideal of that which you invite him to be, he sees nothing better than a straight-laced puritan listening for death. The Christian's Sabbath may be good, but it is neither rich nor beautiful. Man forever demands and must have something new. We must see man not only triumphing over coarse vices, but blooming in all beauty, commanding the earth, vegetation, the clouds and the seasons. The gospel must beat sin in its own field, and prove itself a fountain of universal good."

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"Jesus Christ and him crucified is the only pleasant sentence for the dying; it is more than music,

more than eloquence. At that dread hour all the fine things of Shakespeare are forgotten, the sublimity of Milton avails not, and the melody of Rogers is discord, but the great sentence of Paul (1 Cor. 2: 2), is the chariot of the Lord to waft the soul home to heaven.'

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" If the monster vices of the day are ever arrested in their course of cruelty and blood, it will not be by heaping piles of dark adjectives upon them, or gib-beting them with bitter denunciation. They may thus be driven, to some extent, from the light of day; but they will still dwell in the suburbs of decency, or revel in disguise in the gilded halls of fashionable dissipation. If names were things, the vices named and denounced in the New Testament would be extinct; the very words by which they were called have become vulgar or insulting, and to mention them with a personal application meets the immediate frown of so-called good society, or perhaps a challenge to mortal combat. But are the vices dead? No, verily: they are more intense, more ingeniously corrupting, and more ruthless in their infernal orgies than at any time past.'

CHAPTER IV.

BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

2 Corinthians iii: 18.

“An hour arrives in the life of every man, important for the present and heavily loaded with consequences for the future: an hour when he must look away from the landscape of youth and the shady retreats of boyhood to the dusty plains of actual life. There comes a time when ‘father’s home,’ the pole star of youth, must be exchanged for another; when all the strongholds of youth’s defence must be forsaken for the untried promises upon the page of life. The young sailor upon life’s sea must boldly pull away from the shore upon a swelling ocean, whose uncharted quicksands he has been taught to fear but knows not how to encounter. While yet in minority, we can look to father for counsel and pecuniary aid, to mother for consolation and love, to sisters for sympathy and affection, to brothers for alliance and strength, to college for instruction and precept; but when all these must be forsaken, where then shall we look for that store of rich things that the head needs, the heart covets, and our interest demands?

“You, my young friends of the Senior Class, now occupy that envied and yet unenviable position. You stand upon the summit of youth. Behind you lie the

calm days and serene skies of a clime devoid of irksome care.

“‘ Murmuring rills and laughing sport
Roll through shade and bower :
And smiling scenes that fondly court
The boldest wing of fancy’s power.’

“ You are just emerging from the halls of College, with physical power ripening to perfection, intellectual cultivation extensive and thorough, hopes undimmed by clouds and saddened by no disappointments. But direct your attention along the way of the future: that waving foliage you imagine is naught but the drapery of fancy’s weaving; those smooth lakes are the mirage of disappointment; those beautiful mountains are only the airy drawings of your own imagination.

“‘ Dusty plains and dreary vales ;
Rugged mountains, steep and high,
Where weary youth so sadly fails,
And lives alone to groan and die.’

“ It therefore becomes a question of importance to what point you should direct your attention, what aim should fire your energies, what motives should sway the soul’s decision, and what landmark will guide you safely to the great destiny for which God created you. Happily, the Bible on this, as on all other moral subjects, affords abundant instruction.

“ We are instructed by our text to look into the great glass of the universe, behold the image of our Creator, and by so looking to be changed from glory to glory into His own likeness. I shall attempt to

show you that the only safe course for youth is to gaze steadily upon the manifestations of God through Jesus Christ our Saviour, and how, by that species of improvement, we may discharge the claims earth justly holds upon us, and attain the high destiny for which we were created.

“I. We behold, as in a glass, the glory of the Lord. The great glass that reflects this glory of the Lord is the material world around, the immaterial world within us, and Revelation sent to us from heaven. The whole earth reflects the majesty, beauty and wisdom of God, warning us in tones of thunder to pursue the right and avoid the wrong, and wooing us with ten thousand tender associations to open our hearts to love and holiness. The broad forests of this new world, the gigantic Andes of our Southern sister, the parched Sahara of Africa, the spicey breezes of Araby the Blest, and the ocean’s melody upon a thousand shores, enlarge the mind, elevate the soul and show us the image of our Father. Who can gaze upon the eagle soaring above the storm, the lion wakening the echoes of the desert, or the monster of the ocean careering in mighty gambols amid polar seas, and not see the impress of Omnipotence?

“I envy not the man’s sensibilities who can look without pious emotions upon the rich fruitage of earth, the golden harvests waving over boundless acres, and the circling seasons bearing their profu-

sion of all the physical man can desire. I admire rather the devout pantheism of the pagan, who felt the presence of a God in every grove, worshipped a naiad in every fountain, and heard oreads chant upon every hill-top. But the richest part of the great mirror reflective of Divinity is yet to be mentioned. The material world, with all its noble charms, is poor compared with the riches of mind. The action of intellect, the unlimited power of memory, the decisive and active force of judgment, and the more than mortal developments of reasoning, give us the image of a God in bold and striking outlines. Let any man look into his own mind and heart, ponder well its amazing grasp of thought, its untiring wing of imagination, its endless sources of instruction and improvement, and its recuperative energy under all circumstances of human existence, and then ask himself, Whose image is this? Let him mark that nice power of discrimination that so accurately traces human duty amid the darkness of passion and ignorance; that unbribed, incorruptible monitor within, that vindicates justice and truth in the face of avarice, hatred, revenge, and every other species of depravity; that fountain of sympathy for sorrow and pity for distress, which no summer suns can dry up and no wintry blasts can freeze; those boundless, nameless desires which inhabit every breast, bearing us away from earth, and beckoning us to eternity —what do all these things show but a most glorious

image of our Creator? I assure you, my young friends, there is not an atom of this globe, nor an orb that gilds the arch of night, that does not bear an ineffaceable impress of the God-head. Creation is one vast mirror, backed by eternity, in which the face of our Father shines divinely bright.

“The Bible is not so much a mirror as a lens for the Christian’s eye; without it the future is a land of darkness, whose only echo is horror and dread. Through the Bible, the Christian’s lens, all is bright, hopeful and inviting: a land of everlasting spring looms up in the distance, the sunlight of eternity penetrates the darkness of the tomb, the soul sees an escort upon the borders of time waiting to bear it to eternity; a great city—the new Jerusalem—the saints’ everlasting rest, stands full in view, with jasper walls and streets of gold; hard by the throne stands Jesus Christ, the world’s Redeemer, pleading for ruined, fallen man, and welcoming weary mortals home.

“Since the Star of Bethlehem arose upon the world, there is no necessary land of darkness; the kingdoms of mind and matter are continents of light and love; creation’s broad page, once all enigmatical, reflects the Father, robed in mercy, and not a passing breeze but is melodious with the music of the spheres. This, my friends, is a glass that reflects without magnifying or diminishing; glasses of human make may reflect a view of the body, but this

displays character, and like the fabled lens of the eastern fairy, it shows upon the ocean's bottom both glittering pearls and frightful monsters. Few of earth's careless multitude ever look intently upon the great speculum, and read therein the attributes of God, their Creator, the mercy of Jesus, their Redeemer, and the power of the Holy Ghost, their Regenerator. Few ever see therein displayed their own ruined spirits, their uncurbed and deadly passions, their untold, unbelieved desires stealing through the dimness of twilight and the storm of eternal despair, whose dark border already throws gloom over the landscape of the soul.

"II. But our text informs us that, by gazing upon this image, we shall be changed by degrees into the same. All nature is certainly double; no one thing is efficient without the aid of another, and everything, from the lowliest violet to the sun in the firmament, is precisely adapted to the development of something else. The sight of vice is contagious, the sounds of revelry wake the powers of sin, and youth is often ruined by being a passive spectator at scenes of iniquity. But whosoever walks through this world, looking into creation's glass, thus (as saith the Psalmist) keeping God always before his face, 'shall wax strong in spiritual might, and shall become a giant in the warfare of Israel.' Whether the serpent can charm the unwary bird, or one person, by animal magnetism, can control the will of another

or not, it is certain that God, by the imagery of Himself, can fortify the soul with virtue and win it to glory. There is a deep magic influence pervading every display of God's goodness, mercy and power, a spiritual attraction dwelling in every image of Divinity that overawes the lower passions of our nature and develops the nobility within us.

"It is ever an infallible mark of a great mind that it delights in real, pure, great truth, and the basis of ascendancy in such minds is the transforming power of truth thus beheld. No influences of a secondary nature, no flame of the passions, no sympathetic flow of feeling can make a deep and lasting impression: all that is permanent in duration and powerful in influence, must be based upon truth, brought home to the heart through the avenues of the understanding. Great poets, orators and statesmen—men who electrify the age in which they live, and mould succeeding generations, disdain the tinsel of rhetoric and the low habit of appealing to the sympathies; their engine is truth, divested of all ornament, commended by nothing but its own inherent excellence, and transforming the souls of men by its divine impress. If the world is full of temptations to vice, it is equally full of influences for heaven. If we will be still and gaze intently upon any of God's works, we shall find virtue springing into life, our hearts will fill with fountains of sweet waters, and our affections will seek the world's Re-

deemer. The church in its various branches, the missionary and Bible societies, and all other organizations of grace or philanthropy, are much prone, at this day, to use a great variety of appeals, parades and inducements to impress their claims upon the reluctant and win favor from the unconcerned. Even the ministry of the gospel, either incapable of wielding the power of truth or distrusting its efficacy, deals largely in exhortation, portrays the separation of friends, and the rending of all social relations, paints scenes of death and all the tears of final bereavement. All these things have their appropriate sphere, and are as lawful in the cause of religion as any other, but to use them as the chief means of effect, and bring them forth as the great weapon on all occasions, is derogatory to the claims of revelation, an indignity to God, the author of all truth, contemptible in the sight of reason and common sense, exceedingly harmful to those most interested, and justly entitles the man who practices such a course to the appellation of demagogue. The man who expects to influence my mind, or win my support by painting my death-bed, or playing upon the chords that bind me to home and loved ones there, will only freeze every sentiment of generosity, overthrow my faith in his own virtue, and receive all the contempt a Christian may dare to cherish. If it is our duty to aid a work of philanthropy, it is not because we love or are beloved, but because its great obligations

are ordained of God, and enjoined upon the sons of men; if we should be religious, it is not so much because we must die as that it is our duty to reverence, obey and love God. If the spirit of evil is ever broken and the savage yell of anti-Christ silenced forever, if the captivity of the soul's empire is to be ransomed and the redemption of the world fully effected, they will never be accomplished by invoking the aid of man's lowest principles, and using the impulsive agencies of an hour; but by hurling against our foe the great shafts of almighty truth, and battering to the ground the ramparts of sin with force rather than beauty. The battles of the world are not fought with epaulettes and the dashing uniform of public parade, but with ball, cannon and the unbending steel. Nor do we want the glitter of poetic display when the fate of our country, our religion, our lives and our homes depends upon the decision of an hour.

"But, my friends, your hour of preparation is past; the College bell will not again summon you to the duties of the day. A far nobler bell sounds across the plain of life, summoning you to use the acquirements and display the power that dwells within you.

"Nature, instinct, social ties, and the God you worship, all urge you to seek a portion of this world's goods, that with hands of plenty you may feed sorrow's lonely children, give a mite to speed the missionary, and have a home where peace and plenty

dwell. Nature and grace accord the possession of wealth to man—God's design with the world allows and requires it—but all that is profitable must pass the inspection and approval of heaven. Cunning, deceit, and plans of artifice are as sinful before God and as hurtful to enduring wealth as lying, theft and prodigality. The golden wedge of Achan was not more ruinous to Israel's host than will be any dime in your possession obtained by fraud or unfair dealing. Whatever thing is obtained against open honesty will be a firebrand in the treasury of wealth, and a lingering curse to the family descendants as long as an iota remains. Have a care how you touch wealth, whether by inheritance, will or gift, if that wealth was unfairly obtained; like the Ark of the Lord in the heathen camp, it will be your ruin. Many a fortune has been obtained by marriage or otherwise that, like the cloak of Hercules, burned the receiver to death. But to obtain wealth, enter into some noble and manly work; apply your hands to implements of industry, fix your eye upon God, your Father, and fasten your faith to Jesus, your Redeemer. Disdain all arts of gain; let your toil be as your religion, energetic, steady, ardent, with a burning, powerful intensity that aims at, seeks and obtains great results.

"Energetic industry is as essential to genuine religion as brotherly kindness, and the piety of the inactive and lazy may always be questioned; the

Spirit of the Lord wakes the soul into new life, and with it every power and function of the body, and most assuredly the sluggard is as far from the kingdom of heaven as he who wished to postpone religious considerations till a more convenient season.

"Again, at your age the spirit naturally loves the soaring wing, seeking consideration, power and distinction; you pant for knowledge equal to the demands of any hour, for mental ability to grasp and comprehend the whole superstructure of human interest, and for a richness of intellectual finish that may be the glory of your age and nation. That uprising of the soul is a sign for good, and without it you would be little better than the beasts of the field. A human being without ambition is not only fallen but decayed; his soul is a dreary quagmire, in which the Dove of Peace can find no resting place; if such a man acts at all it will be as the maniac, dangerous to himself and to all with whom he is associated. But it must be distinctly remembered that ambition enough to procure wealth and mental distinction is quite sufficient to ruin the soul, unless it is sanctified by the Spirit of God. Human capability roused to its utmost power, blazing with the combustibles of worldly competition and surging before the winds of ambition, is destined to be a wreck upon the coast of despair, unless the arm of the Lord holds the helm. But if you would be men of power—able to defend the citadel of truth and ready to aid the sorrowing

children of earth—rouse all the powers of nature, be a burning, ardent man; but fix your eye upon God. Let conscience stand true to the pole of justice, let the soul receive new life through the image of God, reflected from the face of our gracious Redeemer ; DO RIGHT if the heavens fall, and worship the Lord in the very camp of mammon! As the soul brightens with virtue, the mind will reach forth its long arms to grasp the universe of thought, and as the affections are purified by religion the sympathies will flow in perennial streams.

“ My young friends, I entreat you not to be satisfied with a mere glance at the image and perfections of God. Look about you for the tokens that the Lord still walks abroad in the cool of the day, trace the gracious works of His hands in all the objects of human sense. Sound the sea of his love in the book of Revelation, and fan the kindlings of His Spirit in your own souls. Cease not till faith is a living power of the heart, till you feel the blood of redemption cleansing the centre of the soul, till you live in daily union with Christ and walk with God. Religion essentially belongs to the soul; it is a life within our natural life—the embryo spirit of immortality transforming this tenement of clay. To you it pertains, in no small extent, to exhibit the spirit of sanctified learning, to show pure examples of Christian character, to confirm correct modes of social life, and to display correct taste in connection with

literary ability. In this respect, too, you have an unpopular, a difficult work; because as a general thing, at this day, learning and social cultivation move insiduously, cautiously, but directly against vital godliness. The very powers that should stand as a wall of fire around piety have betrayed the trust, and are worse than traitors in the camp of the Lord. Whatever is able to establish the badge of respectability, to fix the taste of communities and give tone to society is accountable, tremendously, to God and man for its moral influence. Nothing is now more popular with the cultivated than a fashionable, sentimental, semi-poetic moonlight religion. Beauty and finish in sermons, action and grace in the preacher and a gentility in the world's manner in all the exersises of God's house. There is in this species of piety and its followers, quite a sufficiency of human accomplishments. Hymns are read with theatrical manner and cadence, the singing has the tone and finish of parlors and concerts, the prayers eloquent and sometimes witty, the reading of the Bible has the lisping accent of high life, and the whole sermon is contrived to please the ear and captivate the fancy. The creed of this piety is propriety of conduct as to worldly ends, taste as to fashion and appearance, decorum as to good manners, and perfection as to standing and social rank. Such religion may satisfy the demands of life, but will be worthless in the hour of death. Where there is no .

deeper, nobler spirit there will of necessity be hypocrisy, vanity, mean inveterate malice, and every other vice, rich in the drapery of form perhaps, but in very truth dark as the Stygian pool. Young gentlemen, I warn you against the damnable vices of what is blasphemously called high life. You may imagine that where talent, cultivation, politeness and elegance abound, sin and shame do not exist. But I assure you they exist in all places where the love of God is not found; and though they are odious in the uncultivated who have not the tact nor hypocrisy to conceal them, they are much more satanic in the polished, who sin by calculation and conceal it by stratagem. The unreligious cultivated man is a fearful risk in any community, and the formalist is tenfold worse than the open sinner.

"It is a fatal error that secret sins are less pernicious than those that are boldly committed; it is equally ruinous to suppose that refinement in the mode of transgression lessens the guilt of the action, or that station, however exalted, gives any moral exemptions. No sin ever has or will be committed that will not ultimately become known, and if you are wise you will never do anything that you would be ashamed or afraid for the world to know. I have just as much confidence in one sinner as another, for human nature, fallen as it is, will not betray nor falter without consideration or inducement, and when real temptations come, humanity, unaided by grace,

falls before them like straws before a whirlwind. Pride of character, social position and mental power cannot supply the place of the Lamb of God, and whoever relies upon them in their natural state relies upon a broken reed. I have dwelt the more on this subject, because to its influence you are or will be greatly exposed, and through its baleful fires you will hardly pass unscathed.

"Another consideration, worthy your closest attention at the outset of life, is the influence of your example generally, and the fearful responsibility resting upon you in that relation. The world is one great head of thought and heart of feeling, eminently impressive by every circumstance of life, deeply interested in all that belongs to our common nature, and touched by every sensation that thrills any part of the great organization. Not only our acts and words mould with irresistible force the spirits of the young around us, but our unspoken thoughts, as they stamp their impress upon the countenance and form the action, seal their likeness upon the circle of our acquaintance, and send forth a transforming influence over whole communities. Examples of dead centuries are yet alive, action and thought never die, but are as immortal as man himself. Ponder well before you make a mark upon the scroll of time, for it will be examined by the light of eternity, and its results noted to the latest generation. For several years you have been recording a responsibility of

infinite consequence in this institution. As a class you have had your individual peculiarities and your collective standing. You have added a large quota to the grade and standing of the college. You have affected the mind and heart of every student, and sent forth influences in a widening circle over many States; you have contributed to the character and manners of the community, and will leave influences to work for good or evil when the grass is green over your graves. Herein, too, the community is charged with a fearful reckoning at the bar of God. A large stream of humanity flows through our midst, and God holds us accountable for the character it bears away. If we exhibit individually and collectively all that is pure, noble and virtuous, we are laying up treasure in heaven; if we display vanity, evil dispositions and a spirit contrary to genuine Christianity, the wrath of an offended God will thunder against us, and His power will consume us.

"The positions you now choose in life demand your services, your prayerful attention. Many, very many, considerations will rise up and demand to be heard, many roads open before you, but to determine in which your true interest lies is a matter of infinite difficulty.

"We should, with candor and fairness, remember the case of Jonah; he had not sinned against the sailors, and yet both boat and crew were doomed to destruction unless he should be cast overboard. There

is a fitness for all things and a proper sphere for each, and all combinations contrary to the will of heaven will, like Babel's tower, meet confusion and disaster. You have, perhaps, seen two students, both of excellent character and disposition, but their association together was the ruin of both. So it is in the affairs of life, both physical and moral, and in this respect God marks our steps with searching eye, and woe to that man that does not ponder his ways. Though you may be holy as Paul when he denied himself for his brethren's sake, if you perceive that you are the occasion of harm to others, God requires you to remove from that connection, and you will disobey Him at your peril. If others are a stumbling-block to you, the connection must be severed, though a right hand or eye be removed, or father or mother forsaken.

“Foster has beautifully said that God intended every man for the hero of a special work, that the province of each is distinct from another, and all heaven-intended arrangements are harmonious as the spheres; that Christian’s God dwells not in discord. You have a spirit unlike your brother, yet for your brother’s good you can do a great work that none other can; but where that work is you may not know. You must be bound to earth by duty and to heaven by love, but the field of that duty may be in heathenism, Christendom, or altogether unmarked at all. One thing is certain, you were not created either to amuse yourselves or others, nor does your Father in

heaven permit you to choose your work. In every man, cultivated or rude, abides an undying inclination which is the voice of God proclaiming your mission. If you gird yourself in the bonds of strength and move at this divine bidding, the arm of Jehovah will be around you, Jesus will watch you from the mercy seat, angels shall be your ministers and archangels your guardians.

"Sectional ties, inclinations of habit and family considerations may be good politics or passable poetry, but they are poor divinity. These things are of no avail in the Book of Destiny. You were not placed upon this green earth to fan the flame of State pride, indulge the fantastic notions of artificial life, labor on the edifice of family ascendancy, nor even to worship at the shrine of domestic affection; you must labor for man in the fear and love of God. Do you feel or hear or perceive some great, still voice in your inmost soul saying, go to this or that work? Obey that voice at the risk of your life. When you have hushed it, for the time, does it come drumming in your ears again in the still hour of contemplation or the quiet hours of the night season? You must obey that voice, or you are a ruined man. But you think God does not call men to anything but the ministry. Be assured the Lord calls all men to all work, and appoints them to good, successful and honorable pursuits, would they but hear His voice.

" Much of the world's misery, poverty and shame arises from wrong pursuits; much of the ridiculous folly and fantastic vanity of every day's occurrence is but the surging of souls capable of great things, but have missed the orbit of life. Talented men fail by the thousand, because God is angry at their disobedience, and the same wise Providence sends misfortune thick and fast upon others, often to teach them that a change of life, or ruin, is their destiny. Look steadily upon the great transforming image of God's perfections, let the soul drink deeply from the great fountain of life, and make the entire business of this world one continued preparation for the next. Expect not that life's beaten way will wind through flowery fields and by pleasant streams. Look not for smiling abodes to rise up conveniently to shelter you from the storm, and to protect you at night. Expect not that smiling faces will welcome you in the far-off days of mature manhood. The halo of youthful attractions will soon pass from your heads, the novelty of a new operator in this vast world of effort will soon pass away, the last note of morning will die upon the breeze, the last dew-drop will exhale from the flowers, and clouds of dust will darken all the landscape. Friends will forsake you, enemies rise up in thick squadrons, and the cold, icy hand of this world will rest upon you with crushing weight. Your soul may be in agony and the world will laugh; your heart-strings may break and your

quondam friends will wag their heads. God grant that you fail not in that dreadful hour! The world, in folly or malice, often drives noble men to the very verge of ruin. It is no small matter to see the effort of your lives mouldering down; to see your name going out in gloom, and all for which you have labored and all that you have loved lying in ruins around you. It is an awful trial for any man. Such tornadoes may devastate the kingdom of the soul in an hour, lay low the mightiest structures of virtue, and turn man from a saint into a demon.

"The loss of friends and the rending of earthly ties may pain the soul and make life bitter, but man can bear them—they come from God—and we bow in submission; but the trials I have just mentioned are the hardest mortality can ever meet. May the Lord spare you the terrible test; or if it must come, may His everlasting arm be around you. You now have friends, but they may pass away; that commingling of souls that now beguiles the passing hour may become a stranger to your heart. The day may come when you would give worlds for one, just one, to love you like a brother; when your soul reaches out the tendrils of affection only to be frozen to death; when your warm inquiring, eye sees nothing but the curled lip of disdain; when your great throbbing heart beats in a vacuum.

It is so sad, so bitter, so torturing to a man of a great loving heart, one that would embrace the world

in his arms of affection, to find himself in a vast desert where none will call him friend or brother. Many a man at such an hour has learned to curse God and hate the world—and our only resource is in religion. In all your ways, let me entreat you to remember the orphan by day and by night ; his is a hard, Oh! it is a bitter lot. There is much more poetry than truth in the world's pretended kindness to the poor, sorrowful-faced little boy that has no mother to love him and no father to protect him. He is sorely oppressed in his boyhood. He may dig himself a home in the mountain granite, but orphan haunts him like a midnight ghost. In his manhood the lingering curse of his sad condition rests upon him—this world has no cavern to hide him from the opposition. I have seen his tears flow as if the fountains of his soul were broken up. I have seen him bow before God and ask for love to bind up his broken heart, and I have seen the cold combinations of this world grind him to powder. Always, my young friends, have a kind word for him, and treat him as a brother.

“ In all things and in all places remember generosity; let it flow in living streams from your heart, let it water every desert and send gladness to the farthest limit.

“ This, to you, is my last sermon, possibly my last words of advice. I have transcribed much of my own experience—an experience that has burnt itself

into soul. Four years have I preached and talked to you. If I have made any wrong impressions, may God forgive me and prevent any evil. You have seen me tempted and tried, weighed down with anxiety and buoyant with hope, for my life has been checked with bitter hours that I would not live it over again. I have loved you like brothers. I have prayed with you as a Christian. A few days and our next meeting will be at the judgment seat. Let us, by the Grace of God, live and die Christians. Let us put on the whole armor of Christ and be ready to stand in the evil day. When the hour of sorrow comes we will brush away our tears and think of heaven, and when death comes we will enter boldly into the way opened up by our great High Priest, who brought light and immortality to light by the Gospel."

CHAPTER V.

CIVILIZATION OF THE SOUTHERN STATES—WHAT IT
IS AND CAN BE. 1860.

The essay begins with a discussion of Guizot's definition of civilization:

"The real power of every man is what he is, not what he knows. * * The young lawyer arms himself with the memorized essentials of Blackstone, gets an index of the reports, and polishes the whole with cigar ability and a glorious swagger, and then presumes to call himself a lawyer, dreaming of mighty fees and perhaps the ermine. But the question is not how much law he has read, but how much he has eat, digested and assimilated. * * The same may be said of all other professions and pursuits. Whoever has become the personation of any department in life will work in that and will succeed. It is sheer nonsense to talk about making bank clerks, tape-clerks, doctors or dandies. The youth will sail by the chart of his civilization, the real in him will beat the assumed in the long race, in spite of all tricks and odds. Whatever he has grown into he can and will do, whether it is making laws or sherry cobblers, defending his country or his morning nap, cultivating corn or a mustache. And this thing he will do with 'no blundering, no

indecision, no uncertainty, but a straightforward, decisive activity, sure as insight and rapid as instinct.' In this you cannot impose upon him by any bedizzened eloquence, specious logic or *ruse de guerre*. He will penetrate all your designs, detect your false lights, and entangle you in your own snares. In his appropriate work man never tires, he never yawns over himself, but with stupendous persistency moves right on to the goal. Nobody could keep John Brown from being hung. He grew up for a halter and will have it. If he cannot find it in Kansas, he will at Harper's Ferry. No power could arrest Luther, Franklin or Washington; Fulton will make steamboats, and Jackson will be master alike in New Orleans and Washington. But whence comes this working activity, this resistless capacity, this power to do, what none, not even the owner, can hinder? Is it a gift of God, a commission made out, signed, sealed and sent to be executed by the human machine, without let or hindrance? No, verily, it is not at all of this kind! God has made worlds, animals and insects, but there is no record theological, geological or historical that He ever made a lawyer, doctor or mechanic."

Speaking of the literary culture of the times, he says: "Many read Milton for the reputation of the act and memorize the names of Shakespeare's characters because they sound well in conversation, but few read them with fascination or pleasure."

"The influential literature of the South is poor and poisonous. It consists chiefly of novels, moonstruck poetry and newspaper intelligence. A few reviews are in some favor, but even they are not above mediocrity. The latest pet in the fashionable Belle Lettre circle is the Eclectic, a thing altogether too fragmentary for the true scholar, and too philosophic for the general reader; too imaginative for the intellect, and too cold for the heart. It is among serials a genteel sharper, puffed by the papers, quoted by sophomores, admitted to good society, and has made a fortune for its publisher. As to novels, they have been stigmatized till their votaries, with true burglar instinct, cry fire as lustily as anybody. It may suffice to say that habitual readers show their authors as plainly as children their parents. So that on the street or in the drawing room you will not fail to meet sons and daughters of Eugene Sue, Bulwer, Byron, and Fanny Fern.

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"With such education and development, it is not at all strange that Northern papers should be supported and Southern papers left to starve. We are told that the *Times* does not equal the *Evening Post* or *Harper's Weekly*, and that the *Patriot* is vastly inferior to the *Herald*. We might reply that potatoes are not so pungent as garlic, nor purple so brilliant as scarlet, but that does not prove that garlic and scarlet ought to be acceptable to anybody but Mexicans and Arabs.

"One of the first steps necessary in the progress of self-development will be to throw aside forever the over-active, contradictory, incomprehensible manners now prevalent. We have no social scale at all. We never know when to remove our hat or wear our gloves; for one family attempts the manners of the old French noblesse, another that of the English baron; one affects the affability of the Frenchman, another the stately hauteur of the Castilian; one hour we meet the rough kindness of the Scotchman, and the next the nice etiquette of a Pasha. These, however, are all book manners, parts learned and practiced for regular exhibition. With these we are civil without being civilized. All this must be discarded. If we ever reach a civilization of our own one great tone of being must pervade all hearts, one type of manners belong to all communities, etc.

"What then is our grade and force of civilization; how much real life have we; how much real humanity is in us? We shall not find the answer to these questions in our newspapers, our orations, or in our so-called Southern books. For, saving always the present company, no people ever surpassed the South in braggadocio, fustian, and yarns generally. According to our own showing we are surpassingly brave—we are eager to chastise all the North and half of Europe. No doubt we have some bravery, but after the labored research of Governor Swain and the zealous efforts of Dr. Caruthers, nothing bet-

ter than a decent excuse could be found for the Carolinians' running away from the Battle of Guilford; and in spite of Fort Maultrie, Eutaw, and Kings Mountain, the fall of Charleston, and the Battle of Camden have always furnished an unpleasant reminiscence.

"Then here is an Amen to the prayer for a Southern civilization; for a new type of existence, a new bloom upon the tree of life. New thoughts, customs, and modes are possible—richer and holier than anything in past. There are poems among our hills, woods, and streams that have never been wrought into stanzas; grand epics linger around the graves of the Indian, waiting for the harp of an American Homer; new forms and powers of eloquence are ready to light up and electrify great deliberating or worshiping assemblies, and new schools of painting and sculpture may yet adorn our land and immortalize our name. We must be superior to all that has been or be a *Fata Morgana*, to pass away before high noon in American glory."

APPENDIX.

NAOMI WISE;

OR,

The Wrongs of a Beautiful Girl

(A TRUE STORY.)

CHAPTER I.

About eighty years ago there lived where Salem now is, in the northern part of Randolph County, North Carolina, a very open and warm-hearted gentleman by the name of William Adams. A few families of nature's noblest quality lived in the vicinity. They were not emphatically rich, but were what our people called *good livers*; they were honest, hospitable and kind; they knew neither the luxuries nor vices of high life. Their farms supplied enough for their own tables, and surplus sufficient for a brisk trade with Fayetteville. The wild forest hills and immense glades in the neighborhood afforded bountiful quantities of game; whilst Deep River abounded with the finest fish. At that time the inhabitants were by no means so thickly settled as at present; *trading* as a regular business was unknown, except to a few merchants. The people were somewhat rude; still, however, hospitable and kind.

At William Adam's lived Naomi Wise. She had early been thrown upon the cold charity of the world, and she had received the frozen crumbs of that charity. Her size was medium; her figure beautifully formed; her face handsome and expressive; her eye keen yet mild; her words soft and winning. She was left without father to protect, mother to counsel, brothers and sisters to love, or friends with whom to associate. Food, clothing and shelter must be earned by the labor of her own hands, not such labor, however, as females at this day perform. There was no place for her but the kitchen, with the prospect of occasionally going into the field. This the poor orphan accepted willingly; she was willing to labor, she was ashamed to beg. The thousand comforts that parents can find for their children are never enjoyed by the fatherless. Fanaticism may rave over the chains of the African; the pity of sixteen States can be poured out for the Southern negro; great meetings are held to move on emancipation, but who pities the *Orphan*? May the Lord pity him, for man will not.

At the time of which we speak, neighborhoods were nearly distinct; all that lived in the same vicinity, generally bearing the same name. To account for this, we have only to recollect that most of our settlers migrated from Pennsylvania and Virginia; and that families generally came and settled together. Physical force being frequently necessary for self-

defence, such families made a kind of treaty offensive and defensive. Sometimes, however, the most deadly feuds broke out among themselves. Such was the case with the Lewis family, that settled on Sandy Creek. Old David Lewis probably came from Pennsylvania; at least an old gentleman by name of Buchanan told the writer so; Buchanan was personally acquainted with the Lewises. David had a considerable family of boys, all of whom were noted for their great size and strength. This was in every respect a very peculiar family, peculiar in appearance, in character, and in destiny. The Lewises were tall, broad, muscular and very powerful men. In the manner of fighting, very common at that time, viz.: to lay aside all clothing but pantaloons, and then try for victory by striking with the fist, scratching, gouging, and biting, a Lewis was not to be vanquished. The family were the lions of the country. Their character was eminently pugnacious. Nearly all of them drank to intoxication; aware of power, they insulted whom they listed; they sought occasions of quarrel as a Yankee does gold dust in California. They rode through plantations; killed their neighbor's cattle; took fish from other men's traps; said what they pleased; all more for contention than gain. Though the oppressed had the power, they were afraid to prosecute them; they knew these human hydras had no mercy; they dreaded their retaliating vengeance. For these men would follow their child-

dren while at work, and whip them from one side of the field to the other. They would compel them to stand in the yard during cold rainy nights till the little creatures were frozen beyond the power of speech; and sometimes their wives shared no better fate. A fine colt belonging to Stephen Lewis once did some trifling mischief, when the owner, enraged, shot it dead upon the instant. Anything, man or beast, that dared to cross them, periled its life. They neither sheltered themselves under the strong arm of law, nor permitted others to do so; they neither gave nor asked mercy. Yet these same men were unfailing friends, when they chose to protect. Their pledge was sure as anything human could be; if they threatened death or torture, those threatened always thought it prudent to retire to the very uttermost part of the earth; if they vowed protection, their protege felt secure. Some of their remote relations are still in this country; they are among our most worthy citizens, but they never tamely submit to insult. Some inquire how such men as the Lewises could ever intermarry with other families? who would unite themselves to such cold-hearted creatures?

While such characters are, in some respects, to be abhorred, yet there is about them that has in all ages been attractive. Ladies are accused, because they fall in love with fops, of wanting common sense, and of loving vanity rather than substance. The accu-

sation is false. Except the love of a Christian for his Lord, the love of a woman is the *purest* and *truest* thing on earth; sweet as the incense of heaven, soft as the air of paradise, and confiding as the lamb; it scorns the little, the vile and the treacherous. The tendrils of woman's affection despise the shrubs of odor and beauty, but entwine closely and eternally around high forest trees that are exposed to howling storms and the thunders of Jove. The trees may be *rough* and *crooked*, but then they are *trees*. Find a man, a great intellectual power, of iron will, of reckless daring, but of unshaken fidelity; in such you find a master magnet around which women's hearts collect by natural attraction. But how can a pure and good woman love a wicked man? Nonsense, thou puritan! She does not love his wickedness, but his soul. Did not the Saviour love a wicked world, though he died to destroy its wickedness? Then a woman will love a wicked man better than a good one, will she? No, she will love a good man much best, other things being equal. But you make daring deeds of wickedness the exponent of man's greatness. I do no such thing. I make actions that require power, energy, and firmness, test of greatness; that such actions should be tainted with evil is a blot that mars them in no small degree; but still they are great actions, i. e., the products of powerful minds. There are certain philosophers in the world that would make all great actions cease to be

great when they ceased to be good; they would measure their greatness directly as their goodness. These are evidently two different qualities, the one measuring the action *per se*, the other its moral character. Genuine love is as follows: woman loves the power which is able to support and protect, and if that power be good she will love it the more. Man loves the gentle confiding one that leans upon him with confidence and trusts him with her destiny; if she be good, he will love her the more. This may be grossly misconstrued; but *fools will not see*, and the wise can see our meaning. It is, therefore, plain enough.

We will hazard an axiom or two while on this point. No woman will or can really love a man who is intellectually her inferior. No man can love a woman that has not confidence in his fidelity and protection. If a powerful man be true to his wife, she being what she should, she will love him though he stain his hands in blood, and be guilty of the foulest deeds known in the catalogue of crime. But this is an unpardonable digression; let us return.

But few of the Lewises died natural deaths. Stephen Lewis was most unmerciful to his wife. He frequently whipped her with hobblerods, and otherwise abused her beyond endurance. Finally, by aid of Richard, a brother of Stephen's, she escaped from home and spent several months at an acquaintance's. Richard at length told Stephen that his wife would

return, if he would promise never more to abuse her. This he promised upon the word of a Lewis. He therefore told him to come to his house on a certain day, and he would find her. At the time appointed Stephen went, and found his wife and took her on his horse to convey her home. On the way he made her tell the means of her escape and the agents employed. The agent, as we have said, was his brother Richard. Stephen went home; kindly told his wife that he should henceforth treat her very kindly, but that he intended to shoot the scoundrel, Richard. Loading his gun, he immediately returned to his brother's. Richard, happening to observe his approach and conjecturing the object, fled upstairs with his gun. Stephen entered the house and enquired for Richard. Not learning from the family, and supposing him upstairs, he started up, and as his head came in view Richard shot him, but did not kill him. Stephen was carried home, and for a long time was unable even to sit up, still swearing, however, that when he recovered he would shoot Richard. His brother, knowing the threat would be executed, went to the house one day, and while Stephen was sitting on the bedside, having his wounds dressed, through a crack of the house Richard shot him through the heart. It is said that the manner of men's deaths frequently resembles their lives. The fate of the Lewises seems to confirm the fact. They were heartless tyrants while they lived, and as tyrants deserve, they died cruel and bloody deaths.

CHAPTER II.

— — — — — "Like a lovely tyro
She grew to womanhood, and between whiles
Rejected several suitors, just to learn
How to accept a worse one in his turn."

—Byron

Naomi Wise was a lovely girl, just blooming into all the attractiveness of nineteen. Though serving as cook and sometimes as outdoor hand, she was the light of the family, and was treated better than such persons usually are. She was neatly dressed, rode to church on a fine horse and was the occasion of many youngsters visiting the house of Mr. Adams. Among those who frequently found it convenient to call at Mr. Adams' was Jonathan Lewis. His father, Richard Lewis (the same that shot Stephen) lived near Centre Meeting-house, on Polecat creek, in Guilford county. Jonathan was clerking for Benjamin Elliott, at Asheboro, in Randolph, and in passing from Centre to Ashboro, it was directly in his way to pass through New Salem. Jonathan, like the others of the same name, was a large, well-built, dignified-looking man. He was young, daring and impetuous. If he had lived in Scotland he would have been a worthy companion for Sir William Wallace or Robert Bruce; in England he would have vied with the Black Prince in coolness and bravery; in France he might have stood by the side of McDonald in the central charge at Wagram; in our own revolution his bravery and power would, perhaps,

have saved the day at Brandywine. He was composed of the fiercest elements; his wrath was like whirlwinds and scathing lightning; his smile, like sunbeams bursting through a cloud, illumined every countenance upon which it fell. He never indulged in tricks or small sport—the ordinary pastimes of youth had no attraction for him. The smallest observation would teach us that such men are capable of anything; once engaged, they are champions in the cause of humanity; but once let loose, like unchained lions, they tear to pieces both friends and foes. The greatest men are capable of being the greatest scourges. Leonidas was a rock upon which Persia broke, but some provocation might have made him a rock by which Greece would have been ground to powder. Dirk Hatteraik was a daring smuggler, that in a low, black lugger defied the power of England; if the government had treated this man wisely he might have been an admiral to eclipse Nelson. Our daring, headstrong boys are generally given over as worthless, and here is the mistake: the world neither understands the mission nor management of such powerful minds. Bucephalus was pronounced a worthless animal by the whole court of Philip: Alexander alone perceived his value and knew how to manage him; and, in fact, Bucephalus was the greatest horse the world ever saw.

Jonathan Lewis saw Naomi Wise and loved her. She was the gentle, confiding, unprotected creature

that a man like Lewis would love by instinct. Henceforward he was a frequent visitor at Adams'. The dark clouds that had so long hovered over the orphan were breaking away; the misty, dim vista of the future now opened with clear light and boundless prospects of good; the fogs rolled away from the valley of life, and Naomi saw a pretty pathway, bordered with flowers, and crossed only by little rills of purest water. Her young and guileless heart beat with new and higher life; that she was loved by a man so powerful as Lewis, was sufficient recompense for a cheerless childhood. Day and night she labored to procure the indispensables of housekeeping; for in those days it was esteemed disreputable if a girl, by the time she was twenty, had not made or earned for herself a bed, some chairs, pots, tubs, &c. And a young lady then modestly displayed her things to her lover with as much care as modern misses display their painting, needle-work, and acquirements on the piano. Instead of going to the piano, to the dance and other such latter-day inventions, youngsters then went with the ladies to milk the cows, and display their gallantry by holding away the calves while the operation was performed; they then accompanied the damsels to the spring to put away the milk, and brought back a pail of water.

Time flew on. Lewis still continued as clerk, and had won the good opinion of his employer. Naomi was blooming in all the charms of early womanhood;

her love for Lewis was pure and ardent, and the rumor was abroad that a marriage was shortly to take place. But an evil genius crossed the path of Lewis in the shape of his mother. Her ambition and avarice projected for her son a match of different character. She deemed it in the range of possibility that Jonathan might obtain the hand of Hettie Elliott, the sister of Benjamin Elliott, his employer. That mothers are ambitious everybody knows, and that they are the worst of matchmakers is equally well known. But Mrs. Lewis thought Miss Elliott a prize worthy an effort at least. The Elliots were wealthy, honorable and in high repute. They have always stood high in this county, and citizens have delighted to honor them with public favor and private friendship. Mr. B. Elliott, Hettie's brother, evidently prized Lewis highly; he regarded him as an honorable, intelligent and industrious young gentleman, and no doubt thought him a respectable match for his sister. Lewis made some advances to Hettie, which were received in such a way as to inspire hope. This was the turning tide in the fortunes of Lewis. The smile of one superior to Naomi Wise in every respect, except beauty and goodness; the earnest exhortations of an influential mother, and the prospect of considerable property, bore down all obstacles. The pure love to Miss Wise, the native and genuine passion of his own heart, were not equal to a conflict with pride and avarice. Not but that

Lewis, as any other man, could and would love Miss Elliott. She was accomplished, beautiful, and of charming manners—an Elliott could not be otherwise. But these were not the attractions that won Lewis. Money, family connection, name and station were the influences that clouded the fair prospects of innocence, opened the flood-gates of evil, and involved all the parties concerned in ruin.

Tupper has wisely said that nothing in this world is single; all things are in pairs, and the perfection of earthly existence consists in properly pairing all the separate elements. Two elements properly adapted have a natural attraction, and firmly adhere, amid all circumstances of prosperity or disaster; but two elements improperly mated repel each other with natural and undying repulsion, in spite of circumstances or calculations. The young instinctively and naturally love those that would make them happy; but pride, family interference and coldhearted calculation often interpose; sordid considerations tear asunder the holiest chords of affection, and vainly attempt to thwart nature's own promptings. Lewis loved Miss Wise for herself; no selfish motive moved his heart or tongue; this would have been a union of peace and joy. He wished to marry Miss Elliott, not because he loved her, but influenced wholly by other and base considerations.

An old adage says, "The better anything is in its legitimate sphere, the worse it is when otherwise

employed.' ' Lewis, no doubt, would have been an honorable and useful man, if he had married Naomi; he would then have been using the highest and strongest principle of human nature in a proper manner. In an evil hour he listened to the tempter; he turned aside from the ways of honor and truth. His eyes became blinded, conscience, the star of human destiny, lost her polarity, and the fierce storms drove his proud ship into the maelstrom of ruin. Jonathan Lewis was no more the proud, manly gentleman; he was henceforth a hard-hearted, merciless wretch. He was a hyena, skulking about the pathway of life, ready alike to kill the living and to tear the dead from their graves. He not only resolved to forsake a lovely damsel, but first to ruin her fair name. His resolve was accomplished. He might have foreseen that this would ruin his prospects with the beautiful Miss Elliott; but the "wicked are blind and fall into the pit their own hands have digged." There are many young men now moving in high society that think violets were created to be crushed by haughty boot heels; that desert flowers should rather be blasted than waste their sweetness on the air; that pearls should rather adorn a Cyclops than sparkle in their native deep. Not so, ye cannibals. If names must be blasted and characters ruined, in the name of heaven let your victims come from among the affluent and the honorable. Who will pity and protect the poor daughter of shame; who

will give her a crumb of bread? The more wealthy victim might, at least, have bread to eat, water to drink, and wherewithal to be clothed. Ye fair, blooming daughters of poverty, shun the advances of those who avoid you in company, as you would shun the grim monster death.

Lewis, aware that a period was approaching that would mar all his hopes, unless they should immediately be consummated, urged his suit with all possible haste. Miss Elliott, however, baffled him on every tack, and though she encouraged him, gave him but little hope of succeeding immediately. In the meanwhile, Naomi urged the fulfilment of his promise, that he would marry her forthwith, seconded by the power of tears and prayers. When these means seemed unavailing, she threatened him with the law. Lewis, alarmed at this, charged her, at peril of life, to remain silent; he told her that their marriage was sure, but that very peculiar circumstances required all to be kept silent. But before he could bring matters to an issue with Miss Elliott, rumor whispered abroad the engagement and disgrace of Naomi Wise. This rumor fell like thunder upon Lewis; the depths of a dark but powerful soul were awakened; his hopes were quivering upon a balance which the next breath threatened with ruin. With a coolness and steadiness which innocence is wont to wear, Lewis affirmed to Miss Elliott that said rumor was a base, malicious slander, circulated by the ene-

mies of the Lewis family to ruin his character, and offered that time, a very fair arbiter, should decide upon the report, and if adjudged guilty, he would relinquish all claim to her (Miss Elliott's) hand. For several days Lewis was apparently uneasy, appeared abstracted, neglected his business, and was not a little ill. Mr. Elliott assigned one cause, Miss Elliott another, but the true one was unknown to any one. The kingdom was in commotion, dark deeds were in contemplation, and at length the die was cast. Mrs. Adams had frequently of late told Naomi that Lewis did not intend to marry her; that he was playing a game of villainy, and that she should place no further confidence in any of his assertions; but the poor girl thought or hoped differently; she could not and would not believe that Jonathan Lewis was untrue. Woman's love cannot doubt. Lewis at length came to see Miss Wise, and told her that he wished not to delay the marriage any longer; that he had made all necessary arrangements, and that he would come and take her to the house of a magistrate on a certain day. She urged the propriety of the marriage taking place at the house of Mr. Adams; but he refused, and she, without much reluctance, consented to his wishes. Time sped on; the last morn rolled up the eastern vault in his chariot, dispensing light and joy to millions; Naomi walked forth with light heart and step, thinking only of her coming nuptials. During the day, in the midst of her anticipations, gloomy

forebodings would disturb her. Like the light breeze preceding the storm, they seemed to come and go without cause. So true is it that

"Coming events cast their shadows before."

She told nothing of what was about to take place to Mr. Adams; but at the appointed time, taking the water pail in her hand, she went to the spring, the place at which she had agreed to meet Lewis. He soon appeared and took her behind him. It is said that the stump from which Naomi mounted remains to this day, and may be seen by any one who will visit New Salem.

"The last lone relic of Naomi's love,
A speaking monument of a wretch's heart:
Like love, its grasp time scarce can move,
Like treachery, corruption lurks in every part."

The strong steed bore Naomi rapidly from the home of her childhood and youth; from the kind Mrs. Adams that was wont to soothe in every trouble.

CHAPTER III.

Naomi very soon perceived that they were not approaching the magistrate, by whose mystic knot sorrow was to be killed and joy born; but, to her great surprise, Lewis kept the direct road to the river, speaking to her in the meantime with rather a strange voice and an incoherent manner. She tried to imagine his object, but she was convinced that he would not take her to Asheboro, and she knew of no magis-

trate in that direction. Every effort, therefore, failed to give her troubled mind any peace. Slackening his pace to a slow walk, Lewis and Naomi held the following conversation:

"Naomi, which do you think is the easiest: a slow or sudden death?"

"I'm sure I don't know; but what makes you ask me that question?"

"Why, I was just thinking about it. But which would you prefer, if you could have choice?"

"I would try to be resigned to whatever Providence might appoint, and since we cannot have a choice, it is useless to have any preferences."

"Well, Naomi, do you think you would like to know the time when you are to die?"

"Why, Jonathan, what do you mean by such questions? I have never thought of such matters; and I am sure I never knew you to be mentioning such things before."

Lewis rode on for some time without making any reply, seeming in a deep reverie; but in fact in the most intense excitement. At length he remarked:

"Well, Naomi, I believe I know both the time and manner of your death, and I think it is in my power to give you a choice."

This ran through the poor girl like a dart of death; it was some minutes before she could make any reply.

"For the Lord's sake, Jonathan, what do you mean? Do you intend to kill me, or why do you talk so?"

"I will never harm you; we shall be married in two hours. As you see, I am not going to —, as I first intended, but am going across the river, where we shall have a nice wedding."

"Jonathan, I'm afraid everything is not right, and I feel so bad this evening. I had rather go home and put it off till another day."

"No, no; that will not do. I tell you, again, you need not fear any thing. Just be perfectly contented, and fear no harm from him that loves you better than himself."

They were now on a high bluff that commanded an extensive view of the river and the country beyond. The bold, rocky channel of the stream was distinctly visible for a great distance to the south-east, whilst from the northwest came the river, now swollen by recent rains, roaring and tumbling over rocky ledges, and then moving calmly away. A blue crane was flying slowly above the bed of the stream, whilst amid the dwarf pines and cedars that grew upon the crags, many ravens were cawing and screaming. This scenery, heightened by the dusk of evening, strongly impressed Naomi's mind. She remarked to Lewis:

"I am almost afraid to be in this lonely place; I wish we were away. O! how happy I should be, if we had a quiet home like yon from which that smoke is rising away over the hills. It may be foolishness, Jonathan, but I want you to be careful in going

down these banks and crossing the river. I have so often feared something would happen to prevent the happiness we expect, and I am sure I never felt so bad in my life."

Lewis reined up his horse, stopped for a short time, then started forward, muttering: "I will though; I am a coward." Miss Wise asked him what he was saying; he replied that he only meant that they should be married that night. The river was here tolerably wide and below the ford some little turf-islands, covered with alders and willows, made several sluices. Lewis rushed his horse in the water, which came up to his sides, and plunged forward rapidly till he reached the middle of the channel. Then stopping his beast and turning himself in the saddle, he said to Naomi in a husky voice: "Naomi, I will tell you what I intend to do; I intend to drown you in this river; we can never marry. I found I could never get away from you, and I am determined to drown you."

"O! Jonathan, Jonathan," screamed the victim, "you do not, cannot mean what you say; do not terrify me so much, and make haste out of here."

"I mean," said Lewis, "just what I say; you will never go from here alive. You cannot move me by words or tears; my mind is fixed. I swear by all that's good or bad, that you have not five minutes to live. You have enticed me to injure my character, you have made me neglect my business. You

ought never to have been such a fool as to expect that I would marry such a girl as you are. You did not expect that I was taking you off to marry you, when you got up behind me; you no doubt thought I would take you to Asheboro, and keep you there as a base——. Prepare to die."

"My Lord, what shall I do?" said Naomi. "You know I have loved you with my whole soul; I have trusted you, and when you betrayed me I never reviled you. How often did I tell you that you did not intend to marry me! How many times did I beseech you to be honest with me! And after all, you certainly will not drown me? O, Jonathan, for heaven's sake take me out of this river! Do, Oh, do! O, spare my life! I will never ask you to marry me. I will leave the country. I will never mention your name again, and"—

Lewis stopped short her entreaties by grasping her throat with his left hand; her struggles immediately threw them both from the horse. Being a tall, strong man, he held her above the water until he tied her dress above her head, and then held her under beneath his foot, until he was alarmed by a glare of torches approaching along the road he had just come. He mounted his horse and dashed out of the river on the south side.

Mrs. Davis lived at no great distance from the river, and had heard the death screaming of poor Naomi. She had heard the startling cry as the vil-

lain caught her by the throat; then she heard the wild wail when she arose from the water, and lastly, the stifled sobs as she was muffled in her dress. The old lady called her boys and bid them hasten to the ford; that somebody was murdered or drowned. But they were afraid to go; they hesitated and parleyed. At last they set out with glaring torches, but it was too late. They arrived only in time to hear the murderer leaving the opposite bank. They neither saw nor heard Naomi. She was already dead; her last scream had died away, her last gasping groan had arisen through the rippling waters, and her body was floating amid the willows of a turf-island. A pure and beautiful damsel, she had attracted the admiration of a cold-hearted world without gaining its respect; her pathway had been waylaid by those who thought poor, unprotected beauty bloomed only to be blasted. Her pure and ardent affections, having never enjoyed the sunshine of love, were ready to grasp the first support that offered. She had given her heart to a deceiver; she had trusted her life to a destroyer, and the murmuring waves that now bathed her lifeless form, and rocked her on their cold bosom, were the only agents, perhaps, that had ever acted towards her without selfishness.

Early on the next morning the people of her home were searching in all directions for Naomi. Mrs. Adams had passed a sleepless night; a strange impression had instantly fixed itself upon her mind as

soon as Naomi was missed, and in her broken slumbers during the night she was aroused by sometimes imagining that Naomi called her, at other times by dreaming that she saw her dead, and again by thinking she heard her screaming. At early dawn she aroused the vicinity, and going to the spring the tracks of a horse were readily discovered, and by the sign, it was evident that Naomi had mounted from the stump. The company followed the track until Mrs. Davis and her boys were met coming in haste to tell the circumstances of the preceding evening. The old lady told the crowd of the screaming she had heard; that the boys had gone down with the lights and heard a horseman galloping from the opposite bank.

"Ah!" said the old lady, "murder's been done; sich unearthly screams can't come of nothing; they made the hair rise on my head, and the very blood curdle in my heart. No doubt poor Naomi's been drowned. O! ef I had been young as I once was, I would a run down there and killed the rascal afore he could a got away! What is the world a coming to?"

The company hastened to the river, and in a few moments discovered the body, still muffled in the clothing. She was quickly borne to the shore and laid upon a rock; upon the fair neck of the dead were still to be seen the marks of the ruffian's fingers. The coroner was sent for, the jury summoned, and

the verdict pronounced, "Drowned by violence." Some one of the vast crowd now assembled suggested that Lewis should be sought and brought to the corpse ere it was interred. This was assented to by acclamation, but who would do it? Who would dare to apprehend a Lewis? A firm, brave officer of Randolph accepted the task, and having selected his company from the numerous candidates—for every youth on the ground offered—proceeded to Asheboro.

So soon as Lewis saw the lights coming while he was at his work of death, as above said, he dashed out of the river, having no doubt that the water would bear the body into the deep pools below the ford, and render discovery impossible. We have seen that in this he was disappointed. Leaving the river, he rode rapidly around to another ford and hastened to his father's, near Centre Meeting-house. He dashed into the room where his mother was sitting, and asked for a change of clothes. The old lady, alarmed, asked him why he came at that time of week (for he usually came on Sunday); why he was wet, and why he looked so pale and spoke in such a strange voice. He replied that he had started home on some business, and that his horse had fallen with him into the river, and that his wet clothes made him look pale, and altered his voice. His mother had too much sagacity to believe such a tale, but she could obtain from him no other explanation. Having

procured a change of apparel, he departed and arrived at Asheboro early next morning. Riding up to Col. Craven's, he called at the door. Mrs. Craven answered the call, and exclaimed in astonishment:

"What's the matter Lewis; what have you been doing? Have you killed 'Omi Wise?'"

Lewis was stunned. Raising his hand and rubbing his eyes, he said:

"Why, what makes you ask me that question?"

"No particular reason," said Mrs. Craven, "only you look so pale and wild; you don't look at all like yourself this morning."

Lewis made no reply, but the flushed countenance which he exhibited would have afforded no small evidence to a close observer, that something was wrong. So true is it, that "The wicked flee when no man pursueth." Leaving Asheboro, Lewis went to a sale at a Mr. Hancock's, at a place now owned by Thomas Cox. During the day it was remarked by many that Jonathan Lewis had a cast of countenance by no means usual. Instead of that bold, daring independence that was usual to him, he seemed reserved, downcast and restless. By indulging freely in drink, which was always to be had on such occasions, he became more like himself toward evening, and even ventured to mingle with the ladies. For it should be observed, that in those days the ladies attended vendues, elections, musters, etc., without derogation to their characters. And in very many

places a young man showed his gallantry by collecting the fair ones whom he would honor, and conducting them to some wagon, where his liberality was displayed by purchasing cakes, cider, etc. Let it not be supposed that this custom was confined to the low or vulgar, for the practice was well nigh universal. Our lady readers must not think it beneath their dignity to read of such characters, for our mothers, and perhaps theirs also, have received such treats. Lewis, on the occasion above named, seemed particularly attracted by Martha, the daughter of Stephen Huzza. After waiting upon her, according to the manner of the times, Lewis accompanied her home. The manner of courting at that day was very different from what now prevails. The custom then was, for the young people to remain in the room after the old people retired, then seat themselves beside each other and there remain until twelve or one o'clock. Lewis had taken his seat and drawn Martha into his lap—rather a rude move even at that time, and not a little contrary to Martha's will—when a gentle rap was heard at the door. While the inmates were listening to hear it repeated, the door opened and Robert Murdock, the brave officer who had pursued Lewis, entered, attended by a retinue that at once overawed the unarmed murderer. He suffered himself to be quietly arrested and taken back to the river bank, where his victim still remained.

He put his hand upon her face, and smoothed her hair, apparently unmoved. So greatly was the crowd incensed at this hard-hearted audacity, that the authority of the officer was scarcely sufficient to prevent the villain being killed upon the spot. The evidence against Lewis, though circumstantial, was deemed conclusive. The foot-prints from the stump to the river exactly fitted his horse; hairs upon the skirt in which she rode, were found to fit in color; a small piece torn from Lewis' accoutrement, fitted both rent and texture; his absence from Asheboro, and many other minute circumstances all conspired to the same point. In proper form he was committed to jail in Asheboro to await his trial. A vast company on the next day attended the remains of Naomi to the grave. The whole community mourned her untimely death; the aged wiped the falling tear from their wrinkled faces; the young men stood there in deep solemnity, and sighed over the fair one now pale in death; many, very many maidens wept over betrayed and blasted innocence, and all were melted in grief when the shroud hid the face of Naomi forever.

The writer knows not the place of her grave, else would he visit that lonely place; he would place at her head a simple stone, to tell her name, her excellence and her ruin; he would plant there appropriate emblems, and drop a tear over the memory of her who sleeps beneath.

" Oh! fair as the wild flower, close to thee growing,
How pure was thy heart till love's witchery came,
Like the wind of the South o'er a summer lute blowing,
It hushed all its music and withered its fame.
The young village maid, when with flowers she dresses
Her dark flowing hair for some festival day,
Will think of thy fate till neglecting her tresses,
She mournfully turns from the mirror away."

CHAPTER IV.

Though Lewis was confined in the strong jail that then towered in Asheboro as a terror to evil-doers, his was not the character to yield without an effort; and such was his strength, skill, or assistance that he soon escaped. He broke jail and fled to parts unknown. Time rolled on, bearing upon its ever changing surface new scenes, actions and subjects of thought. Naomi was beginning to fade from memory, and Lewis was scarcely thought of. The whole tragedy would, perhaps, have been nearly in the sea of oblivion, but for the song of "*Omi Wise*," which was sung in every neighborhood. At length rumor, the persecutor and avenger, gave tidings that Jonathan Lewis was living at the Falls of Ohio, was married, had one child, and considered in prosperous circumstances. The murdered girl rose fresh in the minds of the people. Justice cried, "cut the sinner down." Indignation cried shame to the lingering servants of law. Colonel Craven, Colonel Lane, and George Swearengain, properly commissioned, started

in quest of the criminal. Many were the sighs and expressions of anxiety that escaped their friends, when these worthy citizens departed. All were aware that the enterprise was perilous. Most of the Lewis family had migrated to the same region, and one Lewis was not trifled with, much less a community of such personages. But brave men, especially of Randolph county, sustained by justice, never count the foe, or ask a parley. Having arrived in the neighborhood, or rather in the country (for they were yet many miles from Lewis' home) they made inquiry until they found the circumstances and position of the families. Knowing that if they appeared in person their object would be defeated, they hired two sturdy hunters for a fee of seventy-five dollars to take Jonathan, dead or alive, and deliver him at a certain town. "No work, no pay." The three officers went to the town to await the issue, and if it failed, to collect, if possible, such force as might be necessary to wage civil war upon the whole offending tribe.

The hunters, unknown to the Lewises, having arrived in the immediate vicinity, learned that a great dance was to take place that night at a house in the neighborhood, and that all the Lewises would be there. They concluded that the occasion would either enable them to execute their object, or at least to make some useful observations; they accordingly rode to the place, in appearance and profession two

wandering backwoodsmen. Arriving at the rude fence in front of the house and seeing a considerable number already collected, one of the hunters cried: "Hallo to the man of the house and all his friends!"

"Hallo back to you," said a voice within, "and maybe you'd light and look at your saddle?"

"Apt as not," said the hunter, "if we're allowed to see our saddles on the peg, our hosses eatin' fodder, and ourselves merry over hog and hominy."

"Ef you are what you look like," said the landlord, stepping into the yard, "and not Yankee speculators, nor bamboozled officers, nor Natchez sharpers, you are welcome to sich as we have."

"And 'spose we are not what we look like," replied the hunter, "what then?"

"Why, the sooner you move your washing the better; we're plain, honest folks here and deal with all scatterlopers arter their deserts."

"Well, well, we'll light and take some of your pone and a little of your blinkeye, and maybe as how we'll get better acquainted."

So saying the strangers alighted, and having seen their horses supplied with a bountiful quantity of provender, they entered the house and mingled with the guests, without exciting suspicion or even much notice. They had previously agreed that one should do the talking, lest they might commit some incongruities. A glance convinced them that Jonathan Lewis was not there. The guests continued to as-

semble, women, men and children; an old wrinkled-faced vagabond commenced tuning his violin, and the parties were arranging themselves for the dance, when a strong, powerful man entered. His hair was long, bushy and matted as if it had never known the virtue of a comb; his eyebrows were dark and heavy; his step was decided and firm; he wore a belted hunting shirt, in the band of which hung a long, double-edged hunting knife, and under its folds were plainly visible two heavy pistols. His keen eye detected the strangers instantly, and forthwith he sought the landlord at the other end of the house, and engaged him for a time in whispers. Our hunters knew their man, and watched him with no small anxiety, nor was it long until he approached them and said:

“I reckon you’re strangers in these parts?”

“I reckon we are, too, being we know nobody and nobody knows us; and we’re perlite enough not to trouble strangers with foolish questions, and so I guess we shall still be strangers.”

This answer to his implied question evidently displeased the interrogator; after eyeing them a moment, he continued:

“But maybe we all come from the same land, and so might scrape an acquaintance easier than you think.”

“As to that, it’s no difference, without telling or asking names, we give the right hand to every honest hunter.”

"Then you're hunters, I 'spose, and as we have a great deer hunt to-morrow, perhaps you'll join."

"That we will, ef its agreeable."

The dance passed off without anything remarkable, and early next morning the horns were sounding, the dogs yelping, and everything alive for the hunt. In arranging the couples to stand at the crosses, it so happened that Jonathan and our talking hunter were stationed together, and the other stranger at no great distance. The drivers had departed, and the marksmen were reclining at ease or examining their firelocks, when Jonathan discovered that he had no powder. As it would probably be an hour or two before the game would appear, Lewis proposed to his companion that they should go to the village and supply themselves with powder. They had no sooner started than the other hunter discovered his comrade to give the signal. He accordingly followed at some distance in the rear. Close by the village he met Lewis and his companion on their return. The hunters exchanged signs and agreed to make the effort; they were fully aware of their peril, for though two against one, they knew their antagonist to be much more powerful than either, and to be well armed. The hunter that met them pretended that he had become alarmed when he missed them, not knowing what might happen, and that he had come in search; then asking about the powder, requested to see some. While Lewis was

pouring some into his hand, the other seized him from behind, in order to hold his hands fast, while the front man, grasping him by the legs, endeavored to throw him. Like a second Sampson, Lewis tore his arms from the grasp of the hunter, and with a backhanded blow sent him near a rod backwards, at the same time kicking down the man that was before him. But before he could level his gun, the first hunter gave him such a blow with the barrel of his gun that he reeled and fell; but pointing his gun as the second hunter came, he would have shot him dead if the other had not struck his arm. The flash of the gun, however, set fire to the powder, that in the melee had been spilled upon the hunter's clothes and scorched the whole company not a little. Lewis, better capable of enduring such catastrophes than the others, taking advantage of the confusion, would have made his escape had not the villagers arrived in sufficient strength to overpower him by force of numbers.

Colonel Craven and his companions received Lewis bound with strong cords, and immediately started for Carolina, nor did they travel at a moderate rate, well knowing that if the Lewis family, with their confederates, should overtake them death would be the fate of the weaker party; nor did the hunters tarry in the vicinity, but hurried themselves far away in the western wilds. After Lewis found that further resistance would be useless, he seemed to

submit to his fate and became tractable and social. So much so that his bonds were somewhat slackened, and his captivity less strict. He awakened no suspicion by asking them to be less cautious, and seemed so much more social than they had ever known him, that his guards were almost tempted to free him from all restraint. One evening, while indulging their glee around the camp-fire, Lewis, unobserved, untied his bonds, and springing up, darted off with the agility of a youth. Craven and Swearengain pursued, but Craven was, ere long, left some distance in the rear. They were now in a low bottom and the evening had so far advanced that Swearengain, who was close in pursuit, could only see Lewis by the whiteness of his clothes. So expert was Lewis in dodging that he constantly eluded the grasp of his pursuer, and was now within a few paces of a dense thicket. Swearengain, making a spring, struck Lewis with a blow so effectual that it felled him to the earth, and before he could regain his feet he was overpowered by both of his pursuers.

Lewis was finally brought to Randolph, from which county his trial was moved to Guilford, where he was finally tried and acquitted. Most of the material witnesses had died or moved away, and much of the minutiae was forgotten. After his release he returned to Kentucky, and died in a few years afterwards. After all hopes of his recovery were given up, and his friends watched around his

couch only to perform the last sad offices of life, he still lingered. He seemed to suffer beyond human conception; the contortions of his face were too horrid for human gaze; his groans were appalling to the ear. For two days the death rattle had been in his throat, and yet he retained his reason and speech. Finally, he bid every person leave the room but his father, and to him he confessed all the circumstances we have detailed. He declared that while in prison Naomi was ever before him; his sleep was broken by her cries for mercy, and in the dim twilight her shadowy form was ever before him, holding up her imploring hands. Thus ended the career of Jonathan Lewis, for no sooner was his confession completed than his soul seemed to hasten away.

The following is the song so well known in this country as

POOR NAOMI.

Come, all you good people, I'd have you draw near:
A sorrowful story you quickly shall hear;
A story I'll tell you, about N'omi Wise—
How she was deluded by Lewis' lies.

“ He promised to marry and use me quite well;
But conduct contrary I sadly must tell.
He promised to meet me at Adams' Springs;
He promised me marriage and many fine things.

" Still nothing he gave, but yet flattered the case,
He says, 'We'll be married and have no disgrace;
Come get up behind me, we'll go up to town,
And there we'll be married, in union be bound.'

" I got up behind him and straightway did go
To the banks of Deep river, where the water did flow;
He says, 'Now, Naomi, I'll tell you my mind,
I intend here to drown you, and leave you behind.'

" " O! pity your infant and spare me my life;
Let me go, rejected, and not be your wife.'
' No pity, no pity,' this monster did cry,
' In Deep river's bottom your body shall lie.' "

The wretch then did choke her, as we understand,
And threw her in the river, below the milldam.
Be it murder or treason, oh! what a great crime,
To murder poor Naomi and leave her behind.

Naomi was missing, they all did well know,
And hunting for her to the river did go;
And there found her, floating on the water so deep,
Which caused all the people to sigh and to weep.

The neighbors were sent for, to see the great sight,
While she lay floating all that long night.
So early next morning the inquest was held,
The jury correctly the murder did tell.

NOTE.—It is said that in the dusk of evening the following little song may be heard about the river, in accents sweet as the voice of angels:

Beneath these crystal waters,
A maiden once did lie,
The fairest of earth's daughters,
A gem to deck the sky.

In caves of pearléd enamel,
We weave an amber shroud
For all the foolish damsels,
That dare to stray abroad.

We live in rolling billows,
We float upon the mist,
We sing on foaming pillows:
“Poor Naomi of the past.”

On July 7th, 1879, Mr. J. B. Randleman and the present Naomi Falls Company commenced building a cotton factory, which to-day stands as a monument of their energy and enterprise. There is now a beautiful town of about 500 inhabitants, and the hum of 5000 spindles and the clash of 164 looms and the voices of 225 employees are heard within less than 200 yards of the ford where the tragedy, referred to in this book, was enacted. This place was named in honor of Naomi, who was buried on the plantation upon which Calvin Swim now lives, in sight of Naomi Falls Factory. The spring where Naomi met Lewis and mounted his horse on the fatal night, is now used to supply water for the New Salem Steam Mill and Tannery Company. Mr. J. N. Caudle's barn now stands about where Mr. Adams' house then stood.



